

THE HOLY NAME JOURNAL

The only official publication of the HOLY NAME SOCIETY in the United States

MARCH, 1952



XLII, No. 3

CONTENTS

Asides

JOHN J. GRIFFIN, of the Boston Archdiocesan Holy Name Unit, reappears in our pages with something of real value for the Holy Name man and for all the faithful. In "Saint John—The Evangelist of the Holy Name," which we are presenting in two parts, he portrays the Beloved Disciple in his true light. Mr. Griffin, especially in next month's second part of the article, lays particular stress on St. John's treatment of the Holy Name.

Two admirably human and inspiring stories are to be found in "A Holy Name Man Passes," by LUCIE ROYCE, writing of her own husband, and "Court With A Heart," by Chicago's MARY WHITEFORD. The court story shows in action the man in whose hands rests the fate of a great city's narcotic victims. Fortunately, Judge Gorman is a man of faith and wisdom.

JOSEPH LYDON depicts the extraordinary life of St. John Capistrano in "The Hero of Belgrade."

SPECIAL FEATURES

COURT WITH A HEART	Mary Whiteford	3
ST. JOHN—THE EVANGELIST OF THE HOLY NAME (Part I)	John C. Griffin	6
PADRES OF THE AIR FORCE		8
A HOLY NAME MAN PASSES	Lucie Royce	9
THE PRESIDENT OF EIRE	Stephen Murray	11
THAR SHE BLOWS!	O. A. Battista	13
THE SIMPLICITY OF CHRIST	V. F. Kienberger, O.P.	15
CATHOLICISM AND DEMOCRACY	Anthony Trawick Bouscaren	21
THE HERO OF BELGRADE	Joseph Lydon	25
THE WHITE HOUSE	Brian Lydon	29
GROPPES OF WRATH	Maurice J. Ronayne	35

THE HOLY NAME SOCIETY

NEWS AND VIEWS	Harry C. Graham, O.P.	16
THE JUNIOR HOLY NAME SOCIETY	Father Patrick Martin	20
ACTION ON THE PARISH FRONT	F.A.M.	23

DEPARTMENTS

EDITORIAL		2
WORD OF GOD IN SIGN LANGUAGE (Pictorial)		18
LABOR-MANAGEMENT JOTTINGS	Charles B. Quirk, O.P.	27
THE CURRENT SCENE	Frank J. Ford	31
ON THE SIDELINES	Dick Stedler	33

EDITOR

Harry C. Graham, O.P.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

Thomas F. Carey, O.P.

John F. Ryan, O.P.

Thomas Shanley, O.P.

CIRCULATION MANAGER

John B. Affleck, O.P.

NATIONAL DIRECTOR

Harry C. Graham, O.P.

141 East 65th Street

New York 21, N. Y.

ASSOCIATE DIRECTOR

John P. McDermott, O.P.

CHICAGO OFFICE

DIRECTOR

F. L. Vander Heyden, O.P.

1909 S. Ashland Ave., Chicago 8, Ill.

SAN FRANCISCO OFFICE

2390 Bush St., San Francisco 15, Calif.

PUBLISHED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE NATIONAL HOLY NAME HEADQUARTERS

141 EAST 65TH STREET

NEW YORK CITY 21

Published by the Rosary Press, Somerset, Ohio, monthly, except during July and August. Entered as second-class matter July 29, 1914, at the post office at Somerset, Ohio, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Executive Offices, 141 East 65th Street, New York 21, N. Y.

SUBSCRIPTION—Two dollars a year in the United States and Canada; twenty-five cents per single copy. Five dollars for three years. Liberal discounts to Societies subscribing for twenty-five or more copies.

Editorial Page



An Important Crusade

The Holy Name Society in this time of spiritual unrest and jeopardy calls its members to unite with men of good-will who are interested in the moral well-being of the world. At one time human society exhibited great respect for a strict code of morality, but now moral awareness has descended to a low ebb. Substantial proof is apparent to suggest that personal and national faintness of spirit has resulted largely from a lowering of the respect which should be manifested for law as it reflects Godly order and strength. Many individuals have disdain for specific laws and for their self-justification make use of recent disclosures against certain men, some accused of escaping tax payments, others of bribery and corruption.

Common irreverence for irksome law, however prevalent it may be, is no reason for the threatened disrespect for all law. Men must turn from opposition for all disliked laws and recall that laws are ordinations of reason which have been made for the common good. It must remain true that no man is a law unto himself. Because of the fact that laws are made for the common good, it is certain that every law can never please every individual. But, since laws are for the good of all, each member of the community is bound to obey the laws.

DURING the past year editorials, in both the Catholic and secular press, have called attention to an unfortunate state of affairs which exists in the modern social structure. The writers of these editorials are concerned, in these critical times, that instead of tightening our reasoning and ways of life, we seem the more careless and improvident. A few editorials in the secular press concerning the present evils might be classed as "political." However, the majority have objectively condemned the disrespect shown for law and have stressed love for country with the desire of re-awakening Americans to a sense of decency and order. These editorial writers realize it is a lack of moral decency and responsibility which is hindering for mil-

lions of people the harmony essential for peaceful living.

An individual Holy Name member may wonder how he can help bring respect for law to the attention of his fellow citizens. Our Holy Father Pope Pius XII recently called upon the world for a spiritual crusade during Lent which would include all men of good-will to help return their own governments to the paths of honesty. Since every government is made up of individual citizens, the Pope's plea for honesty among the people of the world would undeniably influence all governments. If we desire honesty in government and the social structure, we ourselves must be honest.

OUR OWN American Bishops reminded us in their official statement of last October that "(God's will) is the standard by which all human actions must meet the test of their rightness or wrongness. What conforms to God's will is right; and what goes counter to His will is wrong." It is an oddity of the present social structure that some who claim to be followers of Christ will pursue practices in business which can hardly be described as in conformity to what God considers right. The studied repudiation of signed contracts, for example, is a flouting of the law, just as is, in spirit, the casual treatment of cheating in school examinations or in sports contests. While these instances may seem relatively unimportant, yet the dereliction of duty or repudiation of contracts in high places would never be tolerated if, in the first place, the people were consistently honest themselves. Obviously no cheating in any category can claim conformity to that which God considers right.

The goodness generated by over four million Holy Name men, in this nation alone, by joining the spiritual crusade called for by Pope Pius could influence the world. Millions of good citizens, outside our Church, would join gladly the crusade envisioned by the Pope, since they too realize concerted action must be effected now in order to stave off the complete moral disintegration of civilization.

COURT WITH A HEART

by Mary Whiteford

Judge Gorman uses everything from compassion to the power of the bench in the Narcotic Court.

THAT Chicago is the only city in the world with a Narcotic Court for the exclusive handling of crime connected with the use, peddling or possession of dope, does not mean the city has more addicts per capita than San Diego or Boston. It means that Chicago is actually accomplishing what other cities are trying to do to whip a problem one FBI agent described to us as "America's No. 1 threat to youth."

We owe our lead to a Catholic judge who loves teenagers. When he discovered that the staggering rise in juvenile delinquency was chiefly due to the growing number of juvenile dope addicts, he decided this would be his piece of Catholic Action. Knowing the best way to beat crime is the spotlight rather than the soft pedal treatment dope has always received, he made plans for publicity. The public, parents especially, had to be educated to the idea that not all dope fiends are on skid row. Anyone who thinks addicts have a derelict look need only go to the Narcotic Court to see that teenage addicts are just as pert and attractive as any other high school group.

The judge realized that a court to handle all cases in any way connected with dope would centralize valuable information and facilitate trapping sources of supply. The greatest need, he decided, was for new legislation to permit sentences that would keep peddlers out of circulation even for life if necessary, instead of the routine sixty days in the House of Correction.

All this was brought about in April, 1950, by Judge Gibson Gorman, whose

twenty-five year record on the Chicago bench is as clear as his smiling Irish eyes and as substantial as his Faith.

"There is little we can do for present addicts," the Judge told us. "Our greatest aim is to protect the youngsters of the city and prevent further addiction. One effect of this court has been to make the purchase of dope difficult. Peddlers are afraid of the possibility of getting life for selling to anyone under twenty-one.



JUDGE GIBSON GORMAN

"From the time this court began on April 2, 1950, to the middle of January, 1952, we have disposed of almost ten thousand cases," the judge explained. "Over forty-seven hundred defendants were tried and about fifteen hundred convicted. The tragedy is that the average age of the modern addict is between seventeen and twenty-five. Some are as young as thirteen."

"Some people think that dope addiction among teenagers began with boys who wanted to duck military service,"

one of the bailiffs told us. "The U. S. armed forces don't want hopheads, and the scar the needle leaves on the arm brands an addict for what he is. A fellow might decide to have a couple of shots just to collect the army doctor's 4F but those shots draft him in a service that will make him a slave for life. As soon as a kid needs dope, he needs money. One way of being sure of getting money is to give dope to other young people until they're used to it. When they need it, the first kid has customers. He's in clover until he's caught. Profits are enormous."

IN MOST COURTROOMS, parents standing beside a son or daughter whose brush with the law has put the youngster in police custody, usually plead for another chance for the youthful offender. The stigma of a police record is something to be avoided at any cost. In the Narcotic Court, however, it's the lesser of two evils. We watched family tragedies in which parents actually had their children arrested, hoping a jail sentence would remove the child from the possibility of obtaining dope and help in a cure.

Mr. Perry and his wife wept when Assistant State's Attorney James A. Condon asked why they summoned the police to arrest their son. Larry Perry, the bright-eyed, clean cut eighteen year old and his co-defendant friend, Dick Binz, were unashamed and defiant.

"For two years, Judge, since our boy started taking dope, he has gone from bad to worse. His mother and I worry

he'll commit some real bad crime. We want to do what is best for our son, so one day when we knew he and his friend were in the bedroom using the needle, I called the police." The father's voice broke on a sob.

The mother took over the story. "When we won't give him money, Judge, he steals our clothes or anything we have, to sell, so he can get dope. We wish you would send him to some place where he will be cured."

Judge Gorman's sympathy reached down from the bench to the disheartened parents. "I am sorry for you," he said gently, "and I wish I could do something for you. But no one can help your son but himself. There is no real cure for an addict excepting his own will power. I could give the boy the maximum sentence for a first offender, but unless he wants to quit, he'll be back on dope as soon as he's out."

Larry Perry, in the House of Correction, will, at least, be removed from the opportunity to obtain dope.

PROCEDURE in the Narcotic Court is different in many respects from that of other courts. To the bailiffs, clerks, and other officers, Judge Gorman sets an example of the patience and kindness with which he insists the defendants be treated. If the defendant is quite young,

the judge uses the youth's first name. When the prosecutor's questions confuse a prisoner, the judge himself, as kindly as a sympathetic father, puts them into simple words and explains, when necessary. The bailiffs are friendly, quietly conducting prisoners from the cell to a place facing the bench. "Your *right* hand, kid," one of them corrected a defendant whose left hand shot up to swear to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth.

Not that many prisoners seem to have any prejudice against perjury. One after another pleads "not guilty" until the evidence breaks them down.

As Peter Parks, an average defendant, takes his place when his case is called, the judge's manner is as impersonal as a confessor's.

"Peter," he says, "you are charged with being a loitering narcotic addict. Are you guilty or not guilty?"

Peter pleads not guilty.

The judge parries. "How long have you been using drugs, Peter?"

This is Peter's cue to look up, aggrieved that the bench does not believe him. "I just told you I don't use drugs, Judge."

The judge rifles through his papers. "Peter, I have the history of your previous convictions connected with the use of drugs." The record he reads to the court cracks Peter's bravado a little.

"But, Judge, it's eight months since I used drugs," he protests.

"That's fine, Peter. Let's see your arm."

Peter turns back his sleeve as Dr. Harry Hoffman, in charge of mental hygiene, inspects the scarred veins, makes a quick survey of Peter's general condition and establishes that the last injection was a matter of hours.

When the combined knowledge of the judge and the doctor convinces the defendant he can get away with nothing here,

information concerning sources of supply, which is a chief concern of the court's work, is often obtained.

JUDGE GORMAN's interest in dope addiction goes back twenty-five years. As a serious young student at Loyola Law School, Gibson Gorman discussed with his father, a police captain, why people take to crime when it is so much pleasanter to go with the crowd.

"I don't believe criminals take dope to give them courage to commit crime," he would argue. "I believe it's the other way around. They become criminals to get money for dope."

What the youthful humanitarian was thinking twenty-five years ago, the rest of the world knows today. "The addict's prime need in life is to obtain money for drugs. He will stop at no crime to get it," the judge states. "Every male addict is a potential criminal and every female addict is a potential prostitute."

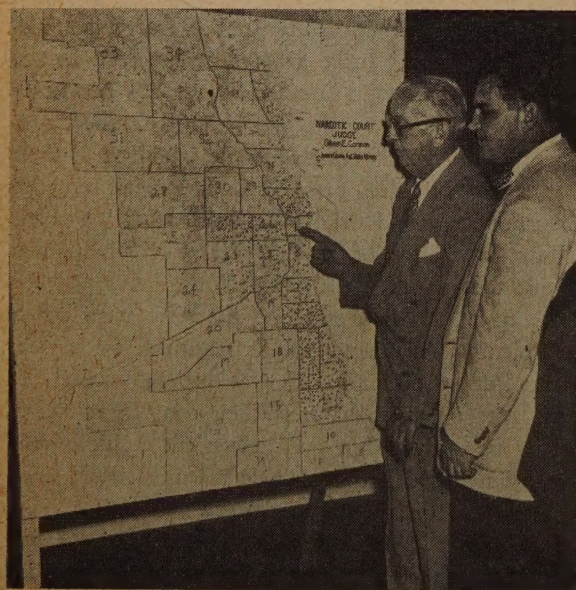
A suave young woman addict who retained the glamour of the artist's model she once had been, admitted that the drugs she needs cost one hundred dollars a day. She now has five years plus a five thousand dollar fine in which to weigh her career as a model against the illegal possession of drugs, peddling them and conducting a brothel.

Evidence was presented against a peddler by an FBI agent. Maybe because the peddler was a handsome, Chicago born Irishman from whom a handsome, Chicago born Irish judge would expect better things, he got sharp denunciation. "You are the lowest type of individual that appears in this court where low types are routine," the judge snapped. "Nothing is worse than the man who trades on the weakness of his fellow man." The Irishman went to the Grand Jury to face a possible twenty-five years behind bars.

Harvey Smith, a handsome, likeable boy of nineteen, was so disarmingly frank it was hard to believe he had broken into a jewelry store.

"When did you start taking drugs, Harvey?" the judge queried.

"Three years ago, when I was in second year high."



DOPE SALE LOCATIONS ARE CAREFULLY CHARTED

"How did you start?"

"With marijuana a friend gave me. Then I went on heroin."

"How many capsules a day did you use at first?"

"About three."

"At a dollar and a half each, that was pretty expensive for a schoolboy. How did you get the money?"

"I worked nights, Judge."

"What do you do now?"

"I'm a waiter."

"How much dope do you take?"

"As much as I can get."

"How much do you make in your job?"

"With tips, about eighty a week."

"And you've reached the place at the age of nineteen where eighty dollars a week is not enough to keep you in dope, so you take to crime."

"That's right, Judge."

Harvey is now doing time in the House of Correction on the attempted larceny charge and for illegal possession of narcotics.

AS IF FOR COMIC RELIEF in a sad review of humanity's woes, there appeared one of the few adult addicts, an immense hulk of a man. He was a colored preacher, in a zoot suit, clutching a bible under his arm. His appearance through the prisoners' door was the signal for a surge of character witnesses from the public seats.

The list of charges against him droned on to include assault and battery of the pint-sized street car conductor who caught the preacher pilfering a passenger's purse. The bible thumper was also accused of unlawful possession of narcotics and the gold brick trick.

Assistant State's Attorney Condon interrupted his litany of charges to appeal to the judge in an angry voice. "Your Honor, will you admonish this man to stop putting on an act. He's blubbering like a four year old."

"You'd cry too, Judge, if you was wrongfully accused," the mammoth defendant sobbed.

In spite of the bible and the tears and the character witnesses, the preacher

heard the bad news that by the time he'll be in civvies again, his zoot suit will be outmoded.

THREE GIRLS, two of them eighteen, the other a year younger, were next on the docket. Well dressed and perky little teenagers ready for a lark, the charges against them of armed robbery and illegal possession of narcotics seemed silly.

The plaintiffs, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas, ran a hotel where the girls registered one afternoon a week before.

"That night," Mrs. Thomas explained, "two young fellows came into the lobby and asked for the girls. I said I saw them go out."

"Maybe they came back," one of the fellows suggested. "We have a date with them. I don't think they'd stand us up. Would you please make sure they're not in their rooms?"

"As soon as my husband went upstairs to look in the rooms, one of the fellows pulled out a gun. 'Don't you know a stick-up when you see it?' he said."

Mrs. Thomas put up no fight, promptly opening the cash drawer. She handed over the money without protest, because she still had the joker.

Late that night when the girls returned, the police were waiting for them. Mrs. Thomas recognized one of the "fellows" who staged the holdup as one of the girls. This proved the last, for five years, of a series of robberies in hotels where the pair registered as girls and staged a holdup dressed as boys. They admitted to being dope addicts.

"How many caps a day do you use?" the Judge asked.

"We each like about seventeen, Judge." The spokeswoman for the three could have been no more casual if jellybeans instead of heroin were under discussion.

Though Judge Gorman is the essence of sympathy to the youthful addicts, whom he sees as children with sick minds, that does not mean he cannot be tough.

To another teenager he passed out a maximum penalty for snatching a purse

from a seventy-four year old woman who was still hysterical, giving stark evidence of the attack ten days previously.

"This ain't justice," the boy protested sullenly at the harsh sentence. "I got less than three dollars from her."

"Justice," the Judge stormed. "What justice did you show? A shock like this might have killed a woman her age or given her a permanent disability."

"Well then, Judge, give me a change. I was in the House of Correction last time. Send me to the County Jail this time."

"Why do you want a change, Jim?" By this time, the judge's patience seemed phenomenal to onlookers.

"So I can do a different kind of work."

"What kind of work did you do at the House of Correction?"

"Scrubbing, sweeping, and cleaning."

"Well, you'd have to do scrubbing, sweeping, and cleaning at the County Jail, too. You better go to the House of Correction again. That's better for you because you get more exercise there."

BEHIND the Judge's sentences, there is thoughtful planning of what is best for the person concerned. He ignores the impertinences that would make a lesser soul slap on maximum penalties. The most contemptible convict before him gets courtesy and kindness. But then, those who have followed his career through the Court of Domestic Relations, the Boys' Court, the Women's Court and every other branch of Chicago's judicial system say he has never failed as a wise, honest, and just judge and a great Catholic gentleman.

Chicago's handling of a tragedy of youth is a matter of purely local civic pride to Chicagoans. But with the sense of brotherhood that makes all Catholics feel either glory or shame for the fellow Catholic in the limelight, we can look with pride to Gibson Gorman, a pioneer warrior in the modern fight on dope; a judge, like the "good man" in Our Lord's parable, who, "out of the treasure of his heart bringeth forth that which is good."

St. John

The Evangelist of The Holy Name

by John C. Griffin

PART I

TO ALL the resplendent titles traditionally attributed to him, St. John the Apostle may assuredly claim the glorious designation "The Evangelist of the Holy Name." In every one of his writings, from the beginning of the Fourth Gospel through the tremendous Apocalypse, "the Beloved Disciple" manifests a special devotion to the Holy Name of God. Appreciation of his singular allegiance is enhanced by knowledge of his personality.

Universally recognized as one of the noblest figures and loftiest minds in the whole course of Christian history, John, predilect of the Sacred Heart and virginal guardian of the Blessed Virgin after the death of Jesus, is in many ways the most fascinating of all the wonderful characters with whom Our Savior surrounded Himself. The Sacred Scriptures delineate a skeletal sketch of his remarkable career. His father, Zebedee, was apparently a prosperous fisherman who plied his trade at Bethsaida on Lake Tiberias. St. Mark refers, for example, to "the hired men" who were employed by Zebedee in his boat. John's mother was Salome, who in companionship with several other Galilean women followed the Master and loyally served Him and His disciples. Her fidelity is attested by the fact that she was present at the Crucifixion. Until she learned the significance of Christian humility and the supernatural life, however, she evidently had been a very proud and ambitious woman, for the Gospels record that, on one occasion, she came with her sons

John and James and proposed to Our Lord that they be given the thrones on His right hand and on His left in His Kingdom.

A ZEALOUS SEEKER for truth from his youth, John was one of the disciples of John the Baptist, the Precursor of Christ. Not only was he given this grace, but in God's providence he was one of the very first to perceive and acknowledge Christ as the Messiah. Encouraged by his teacher, the Baptist, the Beloved Disciple and four others followed Christ from the beginning of His mission. Leaving the valley of Jordan, he accompanied Christ into Galilee, where he attended the Marriage Feast of Cana and witnessed Christ's first public miracle. He returned to his fishing trade for a while, until Christ called him and his brother James to abandon their nets and become fishers of men, along with Simon Peter and the latter's brother, Andrew.

St. Matthew outlines vividly, with a few simple strokes, the memorable circumstances of St. John's call to permanent ministry with Our Lord. Christ, he tells us, was walking along one day by the Sea of Galilee and, espying Simon Peter and his brother Andrew casting their nets, He summoned them to follow Him, and they promptly did. Walking along a short distance further, He saw John and his brother James, with their father Zebedee, mending their nets, and upon His call they immediately followed Him. St. Luke provides the ad-

ditional information that John and James were "partners" of Peter.

From this dramatic scene on the lake shore to the last words in his own sublime Apocalypse, St. John appears, everywhere in Holy Writ, to be a person of tremendous potentialities. We know that he and his brother James the Greater were men of such vehement disposition, consuming zeal and fiery eloquence that they earned from Christ the epithet "Boanerges," or "Sons of Thunder" (Mark III, 17).

The gushing sentimentalists who have portrayed John as an ultra mild, demure sort of being have perpetrated a caricature violently at variance with the truth as delineated in sacred history. All the evidence in the Gospel converges to depict a virile spirit endowed with a rare combination of natural qualities and supernatural graces, veritably teeming with physical, intellectual and spiritual energy. His writings, full of strong tones, demonstrate a fierce fidelity to truth, a keen sense of justice and an uncompromising adherence to Christ, Whose Divinity he glorified in every way conceivable to his majestic mind. He was accustomed to calling a spade a spade without cavil or hesitation. For example, after Mary Magdalen anointed the head of Our Lord with precious spikenard, Judas Iscariot, ever mercenary, complained "Why was this ointment not sold for three hundred denarii, and given to the poor?" Incisively, St. John comments: "Now he said this, not because he cared for the poor, but because

he was a thief, and holding the purse, used to take what was put in it" (John XI, 5-7).

Speaking of Christ in his first Epistle, he says, with typical forcefulness: "By this we can be sure that we know Him, if we keep His commandments. He who says that he knows Him and does not keep His commandments, is a liar. . . ." There's not much chance to mistake John's meaning. His language is characteristically straightforward. He inquires directly: "Who is the liar but he who denies that Jesus is the Christ? He is the Antichrist who denies the Father and the Son" (I John IV, 22).

Those therefore, who identify the robust St. John with anything effete are guilty wittingly or unwittingly of a hideous heresy. The root of this heresy is not far to seek. St. John remained a virgin, continuously preached abiding charity and manifested intuitive insight of the rarest kind. Consequently, to the superficial who find it difficult to associate these attributes with a masculine temperament and who are blind to the marvelous operations of God's grace, the false conclusion that John must have been rather effeminate became logical. In view of the overwhelming testimony in the Scripture such an impression is of course, utterly fantastic. John was precisely the virile sort of character whom an understanding person would expect Christ to choose to take His own place in providing for His Mother.

ST. JOHN'S manifold goodness endeared him to the heart of Christ. He was the favorite Apostle of the Lord (John XIII, 23; XIX, 26), and he was accorded many special privileges, usually with his brother James and Peter. These three, for instance, were selected by Our Lord to witness His miraculous restoration of life to the daughter of Jairus, they were chosen to be present at the Transfiguration of Christ on the Mount, and they were invited to be Our Redeemer's companions during the Agony in the Garden of Gethsemani. These three, with Andrew, were given a special explanation of the happenings at the end

of the world, as they sat with Christ on the Mount of Olives. St. John was present in Peter's house when Christ cured Peter's mother-in-law, and he and St. Peter were delegated by Christ to prepare the Last Supper. He had the choice place aside of Christ and leaned on His breast during that solemn event when Our Lord instituted the Holy Eucharist. He alone of the Apostles stood at the foot of the Cross, and upon him was bestowed the supreme prerogative of being entrusted by the dying Savior with the care of His Immaculate Mother.

It was to Peter and John that Mary Magdalen hurried with the glorious news of Christ's Resurrection on Easter morn. Together they hastened to the tomb. Interestingly enough, John himself tells us that on this great occasion, he ran faster than Peter and arrived before him but deferred to Peter, allowing the latter to enter the empty tomb first. Later, John was the first to recognize the Risen Lord when He appeared at the Sea of Tiberias (John XXI, 7).

AFTER the Descent of the Holy Ghost, Peter and John together exercised their apostolate in Jerusalem and also went as companions to preach in Samaria, where they confirmed many. St. Paul tells us that Peter, James and John were considered the pillars of the Church at the Council of Jerusalem, and they sanctioned his mission (Gal. II, 9). We know that towards the end of his long life St. John suffered banishment to the isle of Patmos, probably during the reign of the Roman Emperor Domitian (81-96), and there was given the wonderful visions which he records in the Apocalypse. After his exile he returned to Ephesus, where he spent the final period of his earthly sojourn.

Such, in brief, is the magnificent life story of the heroic Apostle who has merited to be called "the beloved Disciple," "the confidant of the Sacred Heart," "the Apostle of the Eucharist," "the beloved of Mary," "the Evangelist of the Divinity," "the Seer of Revelations," "the youngest of Christ's associates," "the Doctor of all Theologians,"

and "the preacher of fraternal charity." In the brilliant radiance of his character and career we can best understand his repeated renditions of homage to the Holy Name of Jesus, as we shall see, more in detail, next month in the second part of the article.

THE GOSPEL of St. John, replete with infinite riches of wisdom, is probably the greatest document ever penned by human hand. Its principal purpose is to prove that Jesus was the Messias, as predicted in the ancient prophecies, and the Son of God. John, in being completely preoccupied with the Divinity of Christ, focuses attention not only on Our Lord's most impressive miracles but on His marvelous teachings. He reveals Christ as the capital source of supernatural life, the living Word, the personified Light of Truth, and the Incarnate embodiment of Eternal Love which overflows from the Sacred Heart and is perpetuated forever in our midst by the Holy Eucharist. He perceived in Jesus' every expression and movement a wealth of meaning, and he soared to the sublimest reaches of Christ's doctrine. He is well symbolized in liturgical heraldry as the eagle!

The supreme central truths of Christianity communicated by Our Savior were engraved indelibly in the contemplative soul of St. John, and the very words in which Christ conveyed them become breathing flames of eloquence in the record of St. John. The illustrious author, writing his Gospel at the end of his long life, when the successive grace-laden experiences of his interior spiritual life of priestly prayer had fused his mind to a superior purity, discerned the whole mission of Christ in the perspective of the Providential Plan for the re-creation of human society in the image and likeness of Jesus, Who is "the image and splendor" of the Father.

Christ came to reveal to men that God is a Father, and that through His Divine Son humanity is to be regenerated, re-born into a new, higher level of being, in preparation here for the everlasting happiness of intimate union with the Three Divine Persons and the

(Continued on page 36.)

PADRES OF THE AIR FORCE

CHAPLAIN (Brigadier General) Augustus F. Gearhard, Deputy Chief of Air Force Chaplains, assures Catholic parents with children in the service that religious guidance and care are amply provided by the U. S. Air Force.

Father Gearhard explained that ordained priests, carefully screened to select those best suited for the rigors of military life, are given direct commissions as First Lieutenants and sent to the Chaplains School at Fort Slocum, N. Y., for additional training. At this historic fort on Long Island, newly commissioned priests become part of the classes made up of representatives from other religious denominations. Together they then receive five weeks of intensive physical conditioning and stringent textbook work.

Following this gruelling period, each graduate is permitted to pin the coveted blue and silver cross of an Air Force chaplain on his blouse. By then the padres have thoroughly mastered the use of audio visual aids, speech techniques, how to administer the Sacraments under the most rugged of combat conditions, how to care for

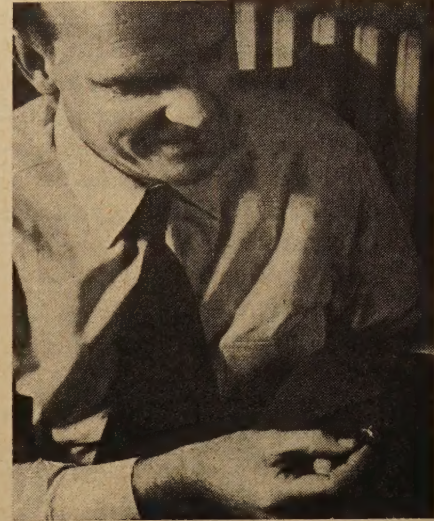
the many personal problems with which fighting men are faced in times of combat and in times of garrison duty, and what to do to help solve problems that are peculiar to only the few. Not until then does the Air Force consider them fully qualified to look after the religious needs of its people.

Father Gearhard points out that the Chaplain's School is not, of course, a new idea or a recent innovation. It is a well founded institution that began back in World War I. With the rapid expansion of the army during those days of the cootie and trench warfare, priests from all over the country volunteered to serve as chaplains.

At first no one thought of giving men specialized training as chaplains to prepare them for their job in the military. It was assumed by most religious denominations that since the work of these men was primarily religious, and since they were already ordained men of a given faith, they would be able to step right in and minister to the religious and moral needs of the fighting man.

It was soon discovered, however, that there was more to making the transition from civilian to army life than just donning a uniform. Church leaders, realizing that something must be done if priests ever hoped to operate with a maximum of efficiency, asked for a school that would give specialized training.

Thus chaplain training originated on March 3, 1918, at Fort Monroe, Virginia. It has prospered ever

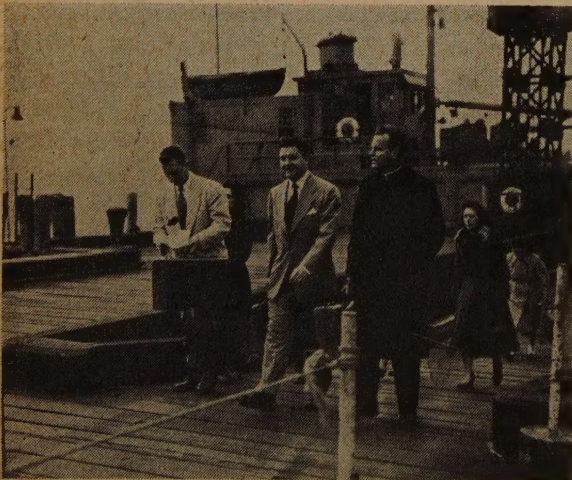


PINNING ON THE AIR FORCE CROSS

since, until in World War II it reached an all time high of readying for service 11,000 ministers, priests, and rabbis. Just how well the training has stood its graduates in good stead may be seen from the many heroic exploits that dot the history of the chaplains serving with the armed forces.

Gen. Hoyt S. Vandenberg, Chief of Staff, U. S. Air Force, on the first anniversary of the separate Air Force chaplaincy said: "Chaplains of the Air Force have made a lasting contribution toward the spiritual, moral, cultural, as well as the physical well-being of the members of the Air Force and their dependents. Their application of the great traditional, historical religious truths to Air Force personnel both individually and collectively has strengthened immeasurably the will and devotion to duty of all concerned."

He went on to add that it was heartening to know that the churches of America have given men of honor, character and integrity to serve as chaplains. "They form an integral part of the Air Force team dedicated to the defense of all the ideals upon which America has been built."



REPORTING TO CHAPLAIN'S SCHOOL, FORT SLOCUM

A HOLY NAME MAN PASSES

by Lucie Royce

A nobleman of the Holy Name, James Royce
worked for God and his fellowman.

ON MY DESK is a sheaf of clippings from newspapers, journals, magazines and bulletins. The first one bears a bold black headline and was front page news in Spokane the evening of October 30, 1951, and, via Associated Press, throughout the Northwest. They tell of the death of my husband, James Emmet Royce.

The headlines and stories are similar: "Prominent Attorney Passes," "well known lawyer, civic leader," "former Law School Dean," "editor, lawyer, teacher, actor, director, and advisor." The ensuing tributes collectively picture a more than normally active and productive life. Here are a few quotes: "He was a serious student taking his Master's and Law degrees in 1917. . . . He was in the Prosecuting Attorney's office for eight years . . . was a member of the American Bar Association and had articles published in its Journal. . . . He was on the Law faculty of Gonzaga University for thirty years, twelve of them as Dean. . . . Author of three texts, Evidence, Pleading, and Appellate Procedure . . . Co-founder of the first Diocesan newspaper and its editor twelve years."

During these years Mr. Royce served on the Columbia Basin committee of the Chamber of Commerce and was a member of the Educational Committee of the Chamber of Commerce until his death. He had served as president of the Advertising and Sales Association and was the first Catholic representative in the organization of Catholics, Protestants, and Jews.

Besides the clippings there are letters, hundreds of them, from all over the nation. They came from Congressmen, Supreme Court judges, the Governor, Church dignitaries, people from high and low estate, civic officials, and former students who are now famous men. But these glowing tributes and neon flashes of his career are but lights on the marquee. Let us go back stage and down to his dressing room and take off the makeup of the past thirty-five years.

AT TWENTY-EIGHT, with a wife and three small children, James Royce was working full time on a daily newspaper to support his family and put himself through law school. One baby had been born before the law school era, one during and one just after graduation. Not only did he attain his master's and law degrees but was valedictorian of his law class. Already he was attracting attention in the courts because of some spectacular cases from the prosecutor's office. He was also much sought as an after dinner speaker, his brilliance and wit coupled with a keen mind and a naturally good voice and dramatic delivery becoming well known throughout the Pacific Coast states in later years.

Always interested in dramatics, particularly since college days in Chicago, he became affiliated with the Drama League of America, which was then flourishing. He was president of the local chapter and acted in its plays under the direction of the distinguished Sara Truax Albert (of "Garden of

Allah" fame). When a stock company presented "Madame X" for two weeks, Mrs. Albert was guest star, and the young prosecutor played the rôle of the prosecuting attorney in the play. He was starred in "Mr. Pim Passes By" and other plays. Lawyers and business men assured me that my husband should leave law for the theater, as he would earn more fame and money in that other world. The handsome and gifted young man was well on the way to being spoiled by adulation and its attending evils.

THIS is where the Holy Name stepped in. Our pastor called on Mr. Royce and suggested that he become a member of the Holy Name Society. "I don't need to join that," he quickly replied. "I don't have to belong to anything to keep me from abusing the Holy Name."

"You misunderstand the purpose of the Holy Name Society," said the pastor. Then he patiently explained that the Society was not merely for those who banded together to cure themselves of blasphemy; it was to promote and honor the Holy Name, to foster reverence and devotion in its members, and accomplish things in that Name.

"Doesn't the fact that I go to Mass and Communion every Sunday imply all that?" he asked.

"In a general way, yes," replied the pastor. "All the women and children do that, too. But here is a special way for the manhood of the parish to display Faith. I like to feel the men are the bul-

wark of the parish. In the Holy Name Society we have concrete evidence of that fact."

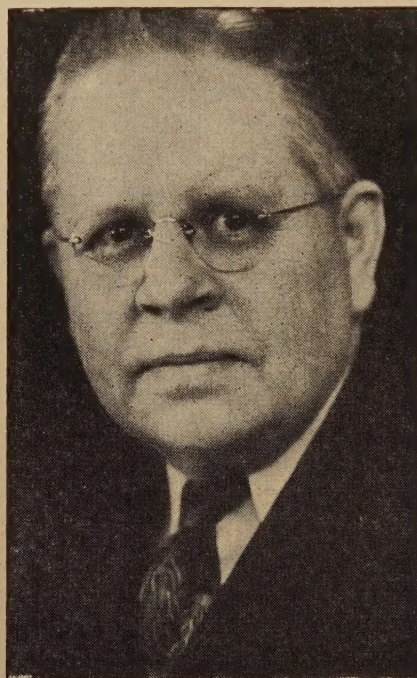
The pastor's eyes twinkled. "We couldn't get along without the ladies, God bless them; but a priest is a *man* and likes to work with *men*." There was some demurrer to the effect that it was taken for granted that church societies, the Altar Society, Rosary Society or their male counterpart, were all for old men and women. The topic of conversation changed and an enjoyable visit ensued.

THE RELUCTANT candidate was nevertheless at the next Holy Name Society meeting and Communion. Within a short time he became a staunch leader in the Holy Name Society. He assisted the old pastor with organizational meetings in other parishes as well as his own. He was an integral part of city rallies and Diocesan mass-meetings. Neither the pastor nor his wife batted an eye when they heard this "speaker of the evening" expand upon the very arguments that had been used against him in his own conversion to the Holy Name. His enthusiasm never waned and some of his last speeches were given at Holy Name Society breakfasts last year. At a recent Diocesan Holy Name Conference a priest referred to him as "the pride of the Diocese a year ago" and remarked that his speech delivered at the last Diocesan Conference was the most brilliant of his whole career. The secular papers would not be able to write these stories and only The Most High could supply the headlines.

It was after one of those Holy Name rallies that a man said to me: "I'm taking instructions. I want you to know it was the speech your husband made at that Holy Name affair that started me wanting to find out about being a Catholic; no minister or clergyman ever got under my skin like he did that night." The non-Catholic musician was in the orchestra that played at the meeting which had been put on by all Holy Name Societies in the city and was open to the public. That non-Catholic man, his wife and two children all came into

the Church because of the efforts of a good Holy Name man.

IT WAS as a Holy Name man Mr. Royce first took active interest in his parish. This, incidentally, meant a closer bond with his family, though so many more glamorous opportunities beckoned and he was home only at meal times. His wife, like any young professional man's, was tied down with the children while



JAMES EMMET ROYCE

he did all these things that pointed to "establishing one's self."

Wisdom of the pastor, inspiration of the Holy Ghost or, again, the guidance of the Holy Name, prompted my husband and me to put on a skit for the parish Holy Name Society one evening. We were besieged to do more. The result was the organization of a parish little theater group which earned a splendid reputation and became the greatest "money-maker" the parish had. Only top quality plays were produced, for seventeen years. The daily papers gave them much publicity. However, there was a point they never mentioned: no shady line, "cuss" word, or blasphemy ever crossed the footlights. The actors were taught to get laughs by sheer

artistry and effort, that the professionals who resort to words of a sensational or salacious nature are only too dim-witted to think up bright, intelligent ways to win applause. It was the Holy Name viewpoint.

Mr. Royce was a past president of the Civic Theater, now doing very fine things in our city, and at the time of his death was still active in an advisory capacity. During these busy years of varied activities two more sons were born to us.

ONE CLIPPING before me states: "He would defend his faith at any time he thought it necessary, and everyone who had occasion to debate a question with him always had great admiration for him even if they had to admit defeat." The Holy Name was behind his debates on the infamous School Bill, the more recent School Bus bills, the mercy killing question and other causes which provoked the ire of some who now praise him.

He was one of the founders of the Laymen's Retreat League and one of its early presidents. The Gonzaga Law Bulletin says, "He was capable, brilliant, exacting, his knowledge of the law was profound. He could impart his knowledge logically and with such clarity he was a law faculty in himself . . . for whatever fame the Gonzaga Law School has acquired he was largely responsible." Thirty years of his life were spent in building up the Jesuit law school he loved.

None of the stories about him bears the headline I have given this tribute, but though they did not acclaim him specifically as "a Holy Name man," he was in truth, just such a man. The high point in his life was the Pilgrimage, with the Holy Name Society, to Rome, and the audience with the Holy Father. Death came to James Emmet Royce after many happy years of living quietly with his family and glorying in his ordained son and in the fact that another son, after a few years more study, will be offering the Divine Sacrifice for a Holy Name man who passed by.

THE PRESIDENT OF EIRE

by Stephen Murray

An adventurous, dangerous road led Sean O'Kelly to the presidency of his free land.

IT WAS strange music, not the kind usually heard in the city of Rome, not the kind generally played by the Palatine Guard band. It was heavy with the strains of the Celt, not rich in lilting gaiety, but haunting and somber, almost a requiem. It was Eire's national anthem "The Soldiers Song," commemorating the patriots who had given their lives for the cause of Irish independence.

The time was early summer in the year 1950 and the place was the courtyard of St. Damasus in the Vatican. The playing of the anthem was a form of greeting to the President of Ireland, Sean O'Kelly, who led a contingent of 800 of his countrymen and women to Rome for the Holy Year pilgrimage.

The President had a beautiful gift for the Pope, a chalice fashioned of nineteen carat gold, with a paten weighing 25 ounces. Its basic design was that of the famous De Burgo chalice made in 1494 and now in the national museum. All the graceful lines of the old chalice were preserved amid the fine hand chasing in Celtic patterns on the base of the cup. On one panel of the base was a delicate chasing of the Holy Father's coat-of-arms, a dove with an olive branch.

The President of Ireland was accompanied by his wife and staff and was accorded full ceremonial honors prescribed for heads of states. He was escorted to the Papal throne room, where he conferred with His Holiness and received the Papal blessing for himself and for his nation.

This was a far different scene to many others in the life of Sean O'Kelly.

Perhaps a panorama of these scenes passed before his vision at that glorious moment—of when he was a young librarian in the National Library of Dublin; of secret meetings in cellars and out-of-the-way places in the country, planning the overthrow of British rule in Ireland; the invasion of the police in his editorial office and the smashing of his presses; a dark night on the Wicklow coast unloading rifles and ammunition from a shadowy vessel in preparation for the planned uprising of Easter Week; a prison cell; a member of the British Parliament; the speaker's platform in America pleading Ireland's cause; the breaking with old friends over how much freedom Ireland should have; and the success, with his beloved friend, Eamon de Valera, at the helm of Ireland's government for sixteen years.

SEAN O'KELLY was born in Dublin on August 25, 1882, the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel O'Kelly. He was educated by the Christian Brothers at the O'Connell Schools in the city. After completing his education he entered Civil Service and was appointed to the National Library of Dublin. Dr. Douglas Hyde, who was to be O'Kelly's predecessor as President of Eire, was engaged in the work of the Gaelic League, an organization seeking to promote knowledge and use of Gaelic as a living language. Dr. Hyde had quite a lot to do with the library, and there he met young O'Kelly, who joined not only the League, but the Irish Republican Brotherhood as well, a secret revolu-

tionary society in which Douglas Hyde was a moving figure.

In 1902 O'Kelly, with other nationalists, founded the Sinn Fein Party. With Arthur Griffeths, O'Kelly edited and published several periodicals which attacked British rule in Ireland. Reprisals were swift and sure. Four years later O'Kelly entered politics and became Alderman of the Dublin Corporation.

A few months before the outbreak of World War I, O'Kelly was introduced into the inner circles of the Irish Republican Brotherhood. A year later he was sent to the United States to contact persons friendly to Irish independence and to raise funds for the rebellion. His mission proved successful and he returned to Ireland to serve as staff captain at the general headquarters of the Irish Volunteers.

In his spare time O'Kelly edited a paper called "Irish Nationality." He found it difficult, however, to have it printed. One printer in Belfast consented to do the work for a considerable sum of money, which the editor managed to raise, but when the risk proved too great he also refused to have anything to do with the project. O'Kelly, being a resourceful man, was to have his say in print nevertheless.

He conceived a journal entitled "Scissors and Paste," which consisted entirely of clippings from other newspapers criticizing English rule and favoring Irish independence. By placing these clippings, sometimes culled from American, Canadian and Australian papers, in designed juxtaposition, a fair condemnation of British rule in Ireland was ob-

tained. It "hurt" the government sufficiently to ban it and do all in its power to prevent its circulation.

THE DAY for the revolt arrived. Everything had been carefully planned. All public buildings were to be seized and held while the flag of the new republic was to be run up and a public declaration of independence made. There was only one fault in the planning. The venture depended on men, on human beings, many of whom failed to carry through. There was such an epidemic of cold feet that only a sprinkling of patriots showed up in place of the hundreds who had pledged themselves to help. The rebellion was speedily quelled by the British and the leaders arrested. O'Kelly was interned with his fellow conspirators.

While the uprising was unsuccessful it did, however, serve the purpose of igniting the spark of freedom in the hearts of Irishmen everywhere. This spark was evidenced at the next election, when 73 Sein Feiners were elected to the British Parliament, Sean O'Kelly among them. The 73 Sein Feiners declared themselves an Irish Parliament and passed a declaration of independence, electing O'Kelly as first speaker of the new Dail Eirean, or Irish Parliament. The Dail accredited O'Kelly as envoy of the Government of the Irish Republic to Paris and Rome as its diplomatic representative.

In addition to his underground activities Sean O'Kelly had romance on his mind. There was a girl named Mary Kate Regan in County Wexford who occupied a great deal of his thoughts. He made frequent trips to Tomcoole and in 1918 married Mary Kate. Two years after they were married the young Sein Feiner buried his wife.

Mary Kate had a younger sister, Phyllis, who attended college in Dublin and won a Master of Science degree at the University. Phyllis also was keenly interested in Irish independence. She and Sean saw a good deal of each other and were married, after which she set up a chemical laboratory in Dublin

while he continued his civic duties.

The Irish Republican Party split wide open when the British offered a Treaty which would give Ireland partial independence, with status equal to that of Canada. As it would put an end to the guerilla fighting, the Dail ratified it. The Treaty, however, contained an oath of allegiance to the British King which Eamon De Valera, Sean O'Kelly, and others refused to take. Those who took it stepped in with the good wishes of England and gained control of the government which had been formed by De Valera through so much heartbreak. O'Kelly was relieved of all official duties with the Irish Free State.

De Valera counteracted the move of the "Free Staters" as they were called, by forming a new political party of his own, the Fianna Fail, meaning, "Soldiers of Destiny." O'Kelly joined the party and returned to the editorial chair. He founded "The Nation." Shortly after he was re-elected to the Dail from Dublin North, representing the Fianna Fail Party. When De Valera's government eventually gained control of the government once again in 1932 O'Kelly was appointed Vice-President of the Executive Council and Minister for Local Government and Public Health. In the latter capacity he directed programs for housing, hospital services, sick benefits for working people and public health services. In the seven years succeeding his appointment 120,000 new houses were built and a unified health society established. As a member of the Imperial Economic Conference held in Canada in 1933-34 O'Kelly was able to visit the United States and renew old friendships.

UNDER De Valera's leadership a new Constitution was adopted in 1937 which declared Ireland a free republic named Eire, the Gaelic name of Ireland. O'Kelly served as Minister of Education but was soon transferred to the Finance Department in charge of the budget. This was no easy job to hold during World War II. Although he was assailed by a storm of editorial criticisms

because of the measures he adopted, O'Kelly stuck to his financial guns and placed Ireland on a sound financial basis.

When Douglas Hyde, Gaelic scholar and President of Eire from 1938 to 1945, announced that he would not run again, Sean O'Kelly stood for election and was victorious. It was the first election in which an Irish President had been chosen by popular ballot.

O'Kelly was inducted into office on July 2, 1945, at services in St. Patrick's Hall in ancient Dublin Castle. A motley company stared down at the proceedings from the ornately painted ceiling, St. Patrick, George III of England and Strongbow, the first Norman conqueror of Ireland. It was the first time that a Catholic had held this office. The Most Rev. Joseph Cardinal MacRory, Primate of Ireland, presided at the Solemn Votive Mass of the Holy Ghost celebrated in the pro-Cathedral. Catholic and Protestant prelates of all ranks, together with diplomats from all nations, attended the services.

TODAY Sean O'Kelly is a gray haired, dapper man, always meticulously dressed in the clothes of the Irish Civil Service, with winged stiff collar. He has an engaging personality and a voice that "blends the richness of the bog country with the suavity of Dublin's elite clubs." He is a man of simple tastes who has never lost the common touch. He is literally adored by the people of Ireland.

Cartoonists have always indulged in by-play by contrasting the rather short Mr. O'Kelly with the extremely tall Mr. De Valera. The pair were often referred to as "the long and the short of it." O'Kelly, however, has well made up for his lack of height by energy, brains, resourcefulness and loyalty to the principles which inspired him to enter the Irish National Movement.

As President, O'Kelly had given his solemn promise to carry out the wishes of the people. He carried out that pledge in spite of his private feelings on February 18, 1948, when he swore

(Continued on page 36.)

THAR SHE BLOWS!

by O. A. Battista

Valuable, big and wondrous, the monsters
of the deep are unique in nature.

PHYSICALLY, the whale is the greatest individual form of life in nature; one blue whale may weigh as much and more than a thousand men. In absolute strength the whale is also the strongest creature on earth. Dr. J. Hjort says the muscles of a blue whale may weigh over 50 tons. When traveling at 10 knots this whale develops about 47 horsepower. Whales that dive into the depths of the sea are capable of withstanding pressures equivalent to the pressure that would result if the huge ship the Queen Elizabeth were resting on them.

Whaling, since it began centuries ago, has been a business. But only recently has it become truly efficient, a reflection of the machine age. In the Yankee whaler days, catching the valuable mammals was a contest between four or five men, armed with a slender harpoon in a frail boat, against a behemoth of the deep. Either you got your whale or you went down with your boat.

Today, the whales are located by a lookout in the "mother ship" of a fleet or by an airplane pilot who spots them with radar and signals to the steel-hulled, tug-like whale catchers, ships about 100 feet long, built to turn quickly. A marksman aims a powerful harpoon gun and lets fly a shaft, the head of which pierces and explodes within the whale's body. Within a few minutes, the creature is dead.

The tugs haul their catch back to the "mother ship," or factory ship, and the captured whales are dragged

on to the main deck through a large opening in the side of the ship. There a complicated mechanism of winches, saws and cranes quickly cuts the blubber up into pieces to be boiled in large boilers of various types. The meat is cut into steaks and placed in a cold

and soap, for paint and linoleum. Artificial wool is made from the blubber. From the blood and bone come meat extract, elastics, vitamin A and B, cattle food, fertilizers. Insulin is derived from the pancreas.

THERE are plenty of mysteries about the whale still to be solved. How does it withstand the colossal pressure at the depths to which it can dive? How does a mother whale suckle her calf when the calf apparently cannot suck? How does a deep-diving whale deal with the problem of nitrogen bubbles in the blood which can give a human diver "the bends"?

Then too, whales are not fish; they are mammals with warm red blood and lungs, and they cannot stay under water long. Whales are a set of mammals all by themselves. The horse, for instance, has plenty of cousins who also have a hoof, an odd number of toes and so on. Cows and sheep have a lot of relatives who, like themselves, have a hoof and an even number of toes. Dogs and wolves are far from being the only mammals with claws and meat-tearing teeth. But at the mammal family table the whales sit off at the far end, country-cousins from the backwoods. Nobody knows to whom they belong, and what's even worse, nobody knows who their ancestors were. It's embarrassing.

Whales need a thick layer of insulating blubber because they are warm-blooded. Blubber is of the consistency of firm, close-grained beef, but it is more elastic and compact. It

WHAT IS A RETREAT?

1. A pause on the highway of life.
2. A time for closer union with God.
3. An opportunity for balancing one's spiritual budget.
4. A training school in Christian living.

WHY MAKE A RETREAT?

1. God wills it.
 2. The Church wants it.
 3. And you need it. . . .
 4. To solve personal problems. . . .
 5. To provide time for undisturbed thought and prayer.
 6. Work and business are important, but your soul is more important.
- "If you are too busy to make a retreat, you are too busy."

Ray E. Ross,

Retreat Chairman.

—H. N. Service Bulletin,
Milwaukee

storage compartment. The huge skull and backbone are ground up, mixed with the residue left in the boilers, and bagged as fertilizer and cattle food. The factory ship employs about 150 men and can handle 15 whales a day. It is equipped to stay at sea for many months and to process every part of a whale's body.

A few of the more important items of commerce that are produced by the whaling industry are oil for glycerin



TODAY'S WHALING SHIPS ARE FLOATING FACTORIES

is so tough and leathery that only the sharpest knife can cut it. Blubber ranges from 8 to 15 inches in thickness on the largest whales. On some 70-ton whales the blubber weighs about 30 tons, or nearly half the total weight. It is, of course, the blubber which is the main source of the oil so eagerly sought by the commercial whalers. Fourteen tons of oil is a fair yield of oil from an average-size whale. The vast, slippery, shapeless bag of a tongue will yield more than two tons.

As might be expected, whales are the world's worst gourmands, there being no delicacy or refinement in their feeding. To help them meet their tremendous requirements nature has ingeniously equipped their giant mouths with grids that are as efficient as the nets of deep-sea fishermen.

For example, the so-called Greenland whale skims the surface of the sea in search of food with its mouth wide open. Its high grid of long whalebones capture any small fish that becomes scooped into this natural net. Speedier monsters like the finner whales pounce upon a school of small fish in a flash and grab a mouthful—usually about several barrels full.

Then with their powerful tongues they squeeze out the water through the natural filter formed by their short whale-bones.

IN RELATIVELY recent years it was discovered that the oceans have a layer several hundred fathoms below the surface that is inhabited by abundant life. Here one can catch with a trawl or a large net quantities of big shrimps and small fish which in turn sustain an animal population of huge cuttlefish, including the so-called giant squid with a body which may be as much as 40 feet in length having arms up to 20 feet long. To capture these organisms nature has created a special kind of whale, the cachalot or sperm whale, and its relative the bottlenose. These whales are able to dive to great depths—several hundred fathoms—and seize the big cuttlefish in their vast mouths. The great heads of the cachalots are often covered with sores and marks of the suckers of the giant squid, tangible evidence of battles for food that went on far below the surface of the seas.

The blue whale is the greatest animal which this world has ever seen. Even when it is first born the blue

whale is larger than any land animal, reaching a length of 23 feet at birth and weighing a couple of tons. During the first seven months of its existence, a blue whale puts on weight at the rate of 200 pounds every 24 hours. When fully grown a blue whale may be 100 feet in length. The largest specimens known weighed nearly 120 tons, or about the combined weight of the human beings in a village of 2,000 inhabitants. Their mouths are large enough to engulf an automobile but their throats are no thicker than a man's arm.

Sperm, or toothed, whales are considerable shorter than blues. They have huge jaws, huge throats, huge teeth which they use impartially upon anything that crosses their path. They roam in packs with a fierce bull whale as leader. A sperm whale eats about a ton of food a day. It has teeth only in its lower jaw, so food is bolted in great chunks.

THE WORLD'S whale population has dwindled in the face of modern weapons and efficiently organized whaling expeditions. Whales rarely have twins or triplets, usually only a single baby every two years, so that they are not prolific reproducers, like smaller animals. Today, international agreements are in effect to help save the whaling industry. The hunting season now covers only a three month period.

The Antarctic has become the last main stand of the whale. Even before unrestricted killing had all but wiped them out in northern waters, countless numbers of them had migrated to the Antarctic seas, the surfaces of which teem with the tiny, shrimp-like creatures on which whales feed. The giant mammals still exist in other waters, notably in the Bering Sea and around the Bonin Islands in the Pacific, but in small numbers. It is unlikely, however, that whales will become extinct. The whaling industry is so lucrative that whalers definitely will do everything they can to keep enough of the giant monsters in existence to make their business pay.

The Simplicity of Christ

V. F. Kienberger, O.P.

IN THINKING of the Blessed Christ and calling to memory the various phases of His life on earth—Bethlehem, Egypt, Nazareth and Cana, the desert and Jerusalem, His public ministry and the moments of His unjust trial and agonizing death—one realizes that Jesus was consecrated to simplicity. He had not whereon to lay His head at birth nor at death. He walked the roads of Galilee as a simple man. His home-spun robe proclaimed Him one of the common folk. He stopped to chat with the people and with those who were weary and disillusioned.

His was a quiet figure walking down the streets of Galilee, the little side paths mainly, and always with a look of simplicity upon His Sacred Countenance. Every Galilean village knew Him, and every Judean neighborhood, and even Samaria. He was the Friend of the people and the joy of the children at play.

The people welcomed the Master into their homes. He ate their frugal meals and blessed them for their cordial hospitality. They eagerly watched for His coming. They looked upon His holy face as upon the sacred countenance of a true friend from whom they would not wish to part. He spoke their simple language, encouraging them to love His Father. It was so easy to comprehend His meaning, even the most unlettered among the plain people understood every word which proceeded from His lips. His delivery was calm, reassuring and helpful. Because His compassionate Heart saw them being led by blind leaders, there was anguish in His Sacred Heart for their sad plight. They returned His loving concern for them by "coming to Him from all directions."

The lambs of the flock were the special object of His Divine love. They

gleefully sought Him. Toddlers left the security of their mother's arms to find sanctuary at His Sacred Heart. Every reader of Holy Writ recalls the familiar scene in St. Mark's Gospel. Several mothers had brought their little ones to the Master "that He might touch them." They were rebuked by the impatient disciples who sought to keep them from coming to Jesus. His indignant words still burn in one's memory. "Amen I say to you, whoever does not accept the kingdom of God as a little child will not enter it."

The Master proclaimed a simple doctrine. He reduced the Mosaic law to the two major commandments: "Love God; love thy neighbor as thyself." The Pharisees had multiplied religious observances unnecessarily and had reenacted many new laws so that the holy people of God were confused. Our Lord branded these doctors of the law. "Blind guides they are of blind men" (St. Matt. 15:15).

He had inspired the people to trust God and adore Him in simplicity of heart, casting away every fear. The simple doctrines of the Master, His quiet courage, and his engaging sincerity forced the unlettered attendants to answer their masters, the chief priests and the Pharisees, "Never has man spoken as this Man." The Pharisees then answered them, "Have you also been led astray? Has any of the rulers believed in Him, or any of the Pharisees?" (St. John 7:48). If the Pharisees who posed these questions, had had any intellectual honesty, they would have known that they had uttered untruths.

Our Lord had not come to destroy the Law but to perfect it. He told Nicodemus, "God did not send His Son into the world in order to judge the world,

but that the world might be saved through Him" (St. John 3:18). He took the teaching of Moses and gave it a simpler and deeper significance. Divine revelation could not change, nor contradict itself. Moses' final appeal to his people to be faithful, was a condensation of all of His teaching.

The Divine Teacher retained all that the Old Law had taught to Israel. He lifted the Commandments to a higher plane, a plane that included every sacred utterance of patriarch, prophet or doctor of the Law. This was the thought of St. Paul, who saw the completed work of Christ's doctrine in its perspective. He said, "By charity serve one another. For the whole Law is fulfilled in one word, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself" (Gal. 5:3). The Blessed Christ purified the Law of the dross of mere legal technicalities. This was considered by St. Paul as the climax of Our Lord's love for the simple folk. "Our sufficiency is from God. He also it is who made us fit ministers of the new covenant, not of the letter but of the spirit, for the letter kills, but the spirit gives life."

In the Master's plan the simple things prompted by charity have an enduring value. Little effort is expended in the Christlike smile that renews some depressed person's spirit in holiness and joy. The simplicity of the early Christians' lives was noted by their pagan neighbors, "See how they love one another!" Their ancient greetings take on a modern form in the cheery, "God bless you!" To bear one another's burdens in shop, office, factory or mart is to fulfill a simple, happy life "hidden with Christ in God" (Col. 3:3). There is a Scriptural warrant that "God loves a cheerful giver" (2 Cor. 9:7), and He has spoken through His Son, "Whoever gives you a cup of water to drink in My name, because you are Christ's, amen I say to you, he shall not lose his reward" (St. Mark 9:40). Thus living in the Presence of God we shall walk as sojourners in the land with Christian simplicity, "in singleness of purpose from fear of the Lord" (Col. 3:24).

THE NEWS AND VIEWS

Harry C. Graham, O.P.



H. C. GRAHAM, O.P.

BLESSED JOHN OF VERCELLI, PRAY FOR US!

The campaign of prayer for furthering the cause of the canonization of Blessed John of Vercelli, our founder, has grown apace. Everywhere the devotion to Blessed John is becoming more popular. Recently, it was my privilege to go through the Diocese of Lafayette, and on every occasion told the story of Blessed John and the object of our campaign of prayer.

In these days of Lent, when sacrifice and penance are customary among good Holy Name men, would it not be an opportune time to pray to Blessed John, and for his canonization? An extra Rosary, Stations of the Cross, or any other devotion offered up for that intention

would be of great help. May we ask our members for the remainder of this holy season to join in these practices.

Our office has heard of many little favors that ostensibly have come through the intercession of our holy founder. We ask that any who believe that through Blessed John they have received special blessings and graces in a spiritual and material way, write to our office telling us about them.

Teche Country

The lazy waters of Bayou Teche flow through four parishes (counties) of Southwest Louisiana on their way to the Gulf. This country, part of the Diocese of Lafayette, is inhabited by descendants of the Acadians who were exiled from Nova Scotia, and by the French who fled the chaos and destruction of the French Revolution at the close of the eighteenth century. In the town of St. Martinville, in the cemetery of the church, rest the mortal remains of the heroine of Longfellow's immortal poem, Evangeline.

In this country, we visited churches and established or reorganized societies, the first of which was a junior unit made up of Columbian Squires, of K. C. Council 1276, under the direction of Edward T. Voorhies, P.G.K., of the Council. Father Henri Hamel, pastor, inaugurated the Society during my stay. It was my pleasure to visit Father Marcel Dion in his new church at Catahoula. Father O. J. Drapeau, of St. Joseph's

Church, and his men, welcomed me at Jeanerette, and I had the pleasure of visiting Our Lady of Perpetual Help Church, New Iberia, whose pastor is Father Wayne Richard. A trip through this part of the "Cajun" country is well worth while, for in it we see a mixture of the old and the new, where the Angelus bells ring out and people stop to pray, and in the early evening the chimes of the Church are heard calling the people to their evening Rosary in honor of the Blessed Mother.

Diocesan Director

The Diocesan Director of the Holy Name Society of the Lafayette Diocese is the Rt. Rev. Msgr. Paul Fuselier. On the occasion of a visit to the Most Reverend Bishop, J. B. Jeanmard, at his home, it was my privilege to meet the Diocesan Director. He invited me to speak on the Holy Name Society in his Parish Church of the Magdalene at all the Masses the following Sunday, and then again to the men of the parish on Monday evening. The reaction was very enthusiastic, and the good Monsignor hopes not only to reorganize the Society in his parish, but throughout the entire Diocese. Beginning with Lent and lasting throughout the year, the project shall have been completed. May every success attend his efforts.

A Reorganization

After spending some time with me in Green Bay, in Milwaukee and in Chi-

ago, discussing Holy Name policies and procedures, Very Rev. F. L. Vander Heyden, Regional Director in Chicago, travelled to Fargo, South Dakota, to discuss and lay plans for a Diocesan organization of the Holy Name Society. From the latest reports, Father "Van" has done a splendid job for the Holy Name.

Breakfast in Japan

Eighty-five new Holy Name men attended the February Communion Breakfast of the Holy Name Society at Camp Hagen, Japan. Principal speakers at the event, held in the non-commissioned officers club following Mass and Communion in the post chapel, were Col. Paul A. Jaccard, commanding officer, and Capt. Thaddeus P. Rajchel, Judge Advocate General section.

The first Society formed in the Northern Command of Japan, it was activated by Father (1st Lt.) Thomas Gannon, of Torrance, California, on December 9, 1951.

Holy Name Station

We read in the *Catholic Herald Citizen* of a Holy Name gasoline station in Appleton, Wisconsin! Well, it isn't exactly a Society station, but is a very clever promotion plan designed to raise funds for the school building of St. Mary's Parish, the men of the Holy Name Society operated Moder's service station for a day and parishioners and friends drove in to "fill her up." Profits, of course, went to the building fund.

Working in six-man shifts, the Holy Name men serviced 350 cars in 14½ hours, pumping 3,150 gallons of gasoline. No statistics were issued on volunteers' shoes ruined by oil, number of clothing stains, or fastest times recorded for cleaning car windows.

The Archbishop's Rosary

Chosen by His Excellency, the Most Reverend Richard J. Cushing to be re-sponsors for the nightly Rosary recited by the Archbishop, Boston Holy Name men since the middle of January have been making their way each evening to the Archbishop's House in Brighton. Six members of the Executive Board as-

sisted in reciting the first of the Rosary series.

Holy Name men from the various parishes in the Archdiocese take their turn in praying the Archbishop's Rosary, which is broadcast.

Campaign of Reverence

A Holy Name campaign of reverence for the Archdiocese of New Orleans opened February 17 and is continuing into March. It is comprised of personal and parochial programs designed to combat irreverence and profanity.

The Rev. A. L. Hinnebusch, O.P., Diocesan Director of the Holy Name Society, says of the campaign: "The campaign of reverence, by stressing devotion to the name of God and Christ, should educate all people to the importance of the first three commandments which treat of the primary obligations of man toward God. The campaign of reverence hearkens back to the early purposes of the Holy Name Society and reminds the members of the original fervor of the first members."

"Neighborhood" Holy Hours

Holy Name societies of the Cleveland northeast district, Diocesan Holy Name Union, united in February for the first of a series of district Holy Hours held for the intention of world peace. Father Edward J. Halloran, Diocesan Director instituted the series.

The Holy Name societies of six neighboring parishes participated in the February Holy Hour at St. Aloysius Church, Cleveland.

Holy Name Notes

Holy Name men of the Archdiocesan Union of Portland, Oregon, assembled February 24 for a special Holy Hour for world peace in the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception, Portland. . . . The Portland Union followed its Holy Hour with a quarterly meeting, March 2. . . . The Holy Name Union of the Archdiocese of Chicago again staged its annual leadership training program last month in the Morrison Hotel, Chicago. Virtually a training school for Holy Name

officers, the concentrated sessions included panel discussions as well as major addresses.

James A. Rhatigan, the new president of the Brooklyn Diocesan Union of the Holy Name Society, has announced the annual rally of the Society for May 25, in Ebbets Field.

In detailing specific instructions and helps for organizing Holy Name retreats, "Holy Name Union Notes" of the Archdiocese of Dubuque emphasizes, "If Holy Name work is to develop within its membership the manly spirit of our Lord, a spirit of vigorous Catholicism, then it must use the means to that end. And a most effective means, tried and true, is the closed retreat." Father Kenneth Ryan, the Executive Secretary of the Union, recommends parish groupings for the retreats.

In addition to indicating that Holy Name affairs are prospering in Halifax, the bulletin *Holy Name*, from St. Lawrence's, Halifax, notes that the Society is extremely active in many centers throughout the Diocese, like Dartmouth, Truro, and River Hebert. . . . St. Theresa's new society, in Halifax, has 400 men pledged to join. . . . *The Service Bulletin* of the Archdiocesan Union of Montreal announces June 1, Pentecost, as the date for the 1952 Public Act of Faith sponsored by the Holy Name Society. . . . Despite difficult travel conditions caused by bad weather, 24 parish branches were represented at the quarterly meeting which approved the Montreal demonstration.

A note regarding Society notices and mailed announcements, from Toronto's *H. N. Bulletin*: "One of the most common weaknesses of promotion messages is that their phrasing is addressed 'to all members.' It is true that they will be sent to all, but the message should be so worded that when I receive and read it I can only interpret it as intended for me 'in particular.' A message directed to everybody influences nobody. Instead of 'all Holy Name men,' say 'you,' and I will more readily believe you mean 'me.'"



s to prayers at special services for deaf held in Holy
urch, New York, are made through using sign language.



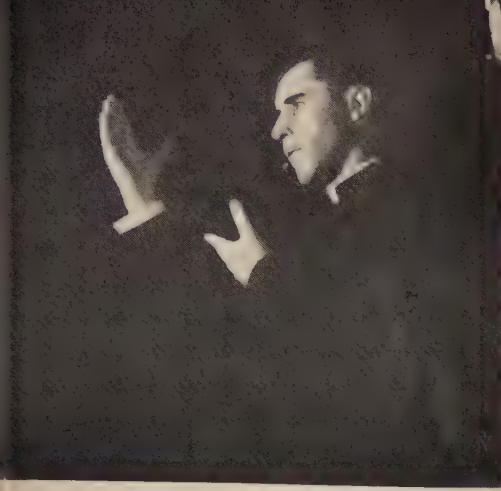
A priest-specialist of Cathedral College, Fr. James Lynch, directs
congregation of deaf in prayers "recited" by use of sign language.



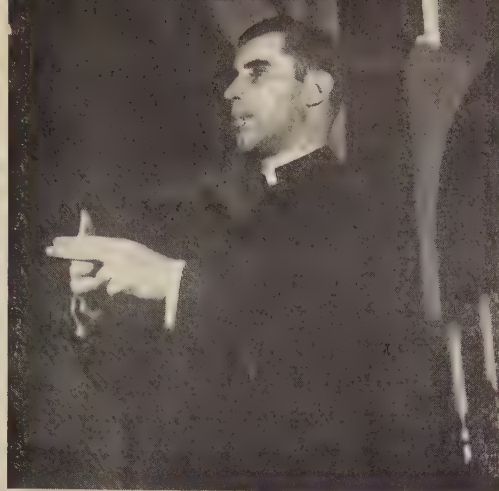
Joseph Riordan and a parishioner chat during social which
Sunday evening service in parish church on Staten Island.



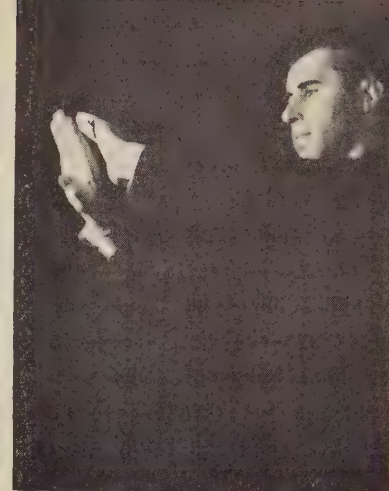
When reciting the Divine Praises after Benediction, Father Riordan
and his congregation "read" the prayers by means of sign language.



Sign for "Father," motion of touching thumb to temple, then extending hands upward.



Priest, by crossing his first two fingers, makes the sign used for the word "Name."



A two-handed gesture of opening hands indicates for the deaf the concept of heaven.

The Word of God In Sign Language

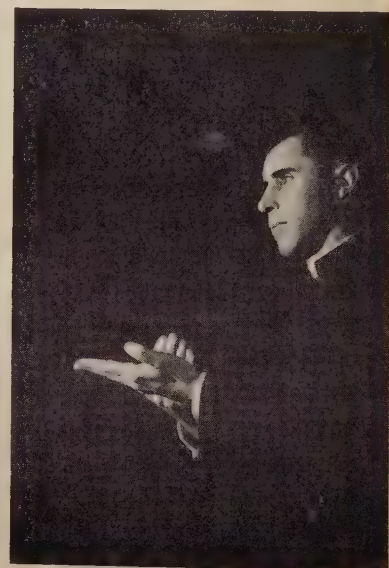
"There are none so deaf as those who will not hear." Nothing points up so dramatically the meaning of this old maxim as a visit to a church where a service for the deaf is being conducted. For here is the antithesis of that proposition: Deaf people who have made up their minds that they *will* hear.

In New York City and the metropolitan area of that vast city there are thousands of persons who cannot hear the spoken word of God as delivered from the pulpit by a priest. There are in addition, of course, those other deaf, prospective Catholics, who cannot learn of God and His holy Church simply by presenting themselves for ordinary instructions. To take care of the spiritual needs of these persons the Archdiocese of New York has created the Catholic Deaf Center. Through this central organization, specially trained priests are made available in all parts of the city at regular intervals to deliver sermons and conduct services for the deaf.

Services are usually held during off-hours by priests who are also busy with normal congregations. Most of the services for the deaf are held on Sunday afternoons or evenings after the priests have completed their regular duties.

In these pictures the work of Father Joseph Riordan, a young priest of St. Margaret Mary Parish at Midland Beach, Staten Island, New York City, is shown. Father James Lynch, of Cathedral College, is also shown leading prayers. Although these Fathers, like most of the other priests who give themselves for the deaf, are able to hear and speak perfectly, they have mastered sign language and lip-reading.

Many of these small congregations include children, who unlike their parents, and thanks to modern scientific methods of teaching, will be able to speak although they cannot hear. Although deaf parents do not necessarily have deaf children, such children usually learn how to use sign language or to read lips. If they are born deaf, they can still learn how to speak by learning how to reproduce sounds mechanically rather than by aural imitation, as we all normally learn to speak.



The concept of entering into heaven is indicated with a forward thrust of the hands.



Hands slowly lowered towards hips indicates a smoothness of order needed for Peace.



Violent jabbing of index fingers to other means "trespass" in the "Our Father."



FATHER PATRICK MARTIN

The Junior Holy Name Society

March 5, 1952

DEAR GANG:

Reading the papers the last few weeks has been a very humiliating experience for a Catholic priest. The number of men, with apparently Catholic names, who have been brought into the spot light of investigation for one thing or another has, no doubt, caused embarrassment to their pastors and teachers. Apparently the lessons given them in their early days have not taken root but like the seed in the Gospel have either been taken out of their hearts by the devil or choked by the cares and pleasures of this life. Whatever the reason, we have cause for a very serious examination of conscience.

Most of these men, I am sure, have had courses in moral principles and ethics. But, again, like the seed falling on the rock, teachings failed to penetrate their concrete domes. The principles of morality and the rules of right living have been given to them and have been repeated by them, parrot fashion, to gain good grades in school. But the principles taught them have had no more effect on their lives than the proverbial water on a duck's back.

This apparent lack of success of our Catholic teaching can be summed up by saying that these men have apparently never learned a sense of responsibility, a sense of duty. Selfishness and thinking only of themselves has led them to betray the trust placed in them by their fellow citizens or by those in authority. The trust placed in them has been betrayed.

Why this betrayal? The solution goes back to their early days. It goes back to the years you are going through now. Realize that these pitfalls lie ahead. Do something NOW to prepare yourselves to avoid those pitfalls later in life when you have a position of trust, a duty to perform, an obligation to fulfill.

A trust, a duty, a responsibility imposes on us some incon-

venience. We cannot always do what we would like to do. There is a sense of obligation implicit in every responsibility which we cannot overlook. Carrying it out may be difficult but we should have the backbone to see it through. The weakling, the quitter, the wise guy cuts corners. The lure of the fast buck is before his eyes. The call of the almighty dollar drowns out in his ears the voice of conscience. And he falls a victim to the philosophy of the world and betrays his family, his friends, and his God.

Do not think that this is something for the future. It is for NOW. You may be treasurer of a club and your allowance is all gone. You want a double malted or a pack of butts. "They'll never miss the two bits or even a half buck. I can always pay it back." You can, but I'd like to bet you won't. And that's only the beginning, folks. Great oaks from little acorns grow. Your sense of responsibility towards those who have placed their trust—their nickels and dimes—in you has been lost. You have taken the easy way out. You have cut a corner and started on the road to slitting your own throat.

Take the simple matter of altar boy appointments. You have spent many hours learning the Latin. You have spent days rehearsing so that you won't fall with the book or kick the bell down the middle aisle. At last you are ready and you take on the responsibility of saying Mass with the priest. The priest places his trust in you. Now you have a duty to perform. But comes a cold morning and your sense of duty suffers terrible defeat. You betray your trust and the priest has to say Mass alone. Why did you miss? You were out late the night before. So what? The Church cannot close up just because you were out having a good time. That is no excuse. Many nights the priest has to get out of bed and go on a sick call. He still has to get up to say Mass at the appointed time the next morning. He has a sense of duty. He realizes his responsibility. So should you. Do it NOW. Later more serious trusts will be given you. If you can't be trusted now, you won't be then.

At the altar rail the second Sunday of March ask our Divine Saviour to increase in your mind and heart a sense of duty. Learn NOW to be faithful in little things. If you are trustworthy in little things now the big things will take care of themselves later on.

Sincerely,

FATHER MARTIN

Catholicism and Democracy

by Anthony Trawick Bouscaren

Catholics throughout the world turn to democracy as the best hope for preserving man's inalienable rights.

ON THE EVENING of May Day, 1951, a member of an audience listening to Paul Blanshard remarked to his friend as they left Carnegie hall: "... but you still have to grant that it is an agent of a foreign power." Anti-Catholicism, like anti-semitism and Jim Crow, dies hard. From the Nativist violence of the mid-19th century through the presidential election in 1928, and on through 1952, many non-Catholic Americans continue to distrust their Catholic fellow-citizens. In spite of the manifold contributions which Catholics have made to American democracy since the days when Catholic Maryland set the example for religious liberty in this nation, Catholics have been suspected. It is true that they have not yet started a revolution along the lines of Guy Fawkes, nor have they attempted to bring the Pope over to rule America; indeed Catholics contributed approximately one-third of the blood shed for democracy during World War II against Fascism, as well as against Communism in Korea in the opening skirmish of World War III. The feeling persists, nevertheless, that they are up to no good.

Mr. Blanshard has said: "The trouble with the Church is that it thinks error has no rights against truth." The Catholic Church does assert that there is a God and that He established the Church. It asserts that man has free will: he can obey God's laws or not; he can join the

Church or not. Man is also free to choose as between political alternatives. Catholics follow the Pope, as Vicar of Christ, when he speaks on matters of faith and morals. In this realm Catholics hold that there exist absolutes: murder is wrong, even if it be committed against an unborn child.

In order to remain Catholics in good standing, a Catholic must observe God's law and the rules and regulations of His Church. Politically, however, the Catholic citizen is free to go the way of his choosing. It is true that the Church denied Catholics permission to join Nazism in some countries in the 'thirties, as well as Communism in the 'forties, but in these cases issues of faith and morals were paramount. Outside the anti-Christ, Catholics may choose their political paths freely. Popes, bishops, and leading lay people frequently suggest certain desirable social and economic general principles to the faithful, such as the social encyclicals, but Catholics are not bound to follow such suggestions. Many Catholics in the Christian Democratic parties of Europe follow *Quadragesimo Anno*, while others, both to the left and to the right, do not.

CHRISTIANITY, based on brotherhood, equality, and free will, holds that man has certain God-given rights which no man can take away. The American Declaration of Independence holds that man has certain inalienable rights, and these

rights are enumerated in the Constitution. Thus murder is wrong even if approved by a majority. In the United States the Supreme Court acts as the "guardian" of the Constitution. It reviews the acts of the majority to insure that they are in keeping with the basic law. Pope Pius XII, in his Christmas message of 1944, intimated that man's inalienable rights are best preserved in a democracy based on higher law. In 1947 the same Pope wrote to President Truman: "Once the state, to the exclusion of God, makes itself the source of rights of the human person, man is forthwith reduced to the condition of a slave or a mere civic commodity to be exploited for the selfish aims of a group that happens to have power." Pius XII here sets himself in direct opposition to the "L'Etat c'est moi" philosophy of the Bourbons, Hitler, Mussolini, and Stalin.

Much of the confusion of this question stems from a failure to differentiate between Catholics as citizens, and Catholics as members of the Church. As citizens, Catholics owe prior political allegiance to their national constitutions. As Christians, they owe prior spiritual allegiance to God and the Church.

The Church, as such, must try to get along under any and all political regimes. In 1922 the Church even tried to approach the Soviet Chicherin to seek a *modus vivendi*. Today the Church must try to keep alive in both Communist and neo-Fascist states, with varying

Loyalty to Church and Loyalty to State

The supernatural love for the Church and the natural love of country proceed from the same eternal principle, since God Himself is their Author and originating cause. Consequently, it follows that between the duties they respectively enjoin, neither can come into conflict with the other. We can, certainly, and we should love ourselves, bear ourselves kindly toward our fellow men, nourish affection for the State and the governing powers, but at the same time we can and must cherish towards the Church a feeling of filial piety and love God with the deepest love of which we are capable.

Leo XIII, encyclical *Sapientiae Christianae*,
on the Duties of Christians as Citizens.

(Far) from there being any conflict between loyalty to the Church and devotion to the interests and well-being of the people and the State, between these two kinds of duties, which a true Christian must ever keep in mind, there exists an intimate union and perfect harmony.

Pius XII, Christmas Message, 1950.

degrees of success. Practice has shown, however, that the Church operates more freely in democracies than in dictatorships; but even under the restrictions of dictatorships, the Church must try to continue reaching the faithful, in order to minister to their spiritual wants. It must frequently practice "appeasement" inasmuch as it has no physical power—no army, navy, or air force.

Catholics as individual citizens, are free to go politically as they see fit. In America perhaps 60% are Democrats, and 40% Republicans. In France some 40% vote MRP, 40% for the Gaullist RPF, with the remaining 20% voting Socialist or Fourth Force. In Britain some Catholics are Laborites and some Conservatives. In Germany some are in the CDU, others in the *Zentrum*, while others vote Socialist or Free Democratic. Some Catholics lean towards "free enterprise," whereas others favor state control. Some favor the Brannan plan and others oppose. Some like Mr. Nehru and others not. In the realm of politics, where absolutes of faith and morals do not apply, Catholics are as free as any others to go the way of their choosing.

FROM THE POINT of view of consistency, some Catholics are guilty of favoring dictatorship in Spain while opposing

it in Yugoslavia, just as some "liberals" were hard on Fascism and soft on Sovietism. It may perhaps plausibly be argued that there is no inconsistency in passive acceptance of Franco while simultaneously opposing Soviet Empire dictatorships, since the latter are guilty of aggression, and not the former. Nevertheless, it is true that many Catholics "sin" against democracy by supporting dictatorships in Spain, Portugal, and Argentina. It is also true, however, that Catholics in America, Canada, Australia, Ireland, Britain, France, Germany, Italy, the Low Countries, and Austria, support democracy. In Quebec, Ireland, the Netherlands, Belgium, Austria, and Italy, Catholics dominate the government, and democracy continues to flourish. In the case of the first four, Protestant schools are even given state aid. The record of religious and political freedoms is much better than, say, in Ulster or South Africa. This demolishes the myth that Catholics favor democracy when they are a minority, and dictatorship when they are a majority. De Valera, Pholien, Figl, De Gasperi, and Adenauer have all had ample opportunity to establish "clerico-fascist" regimes but have not done so. Christian Democracy has proved its devotion to democracy by both word and deed, as

has Catholicism in the Anglo-Saxon countries.

There is not any question but that many Catholics were slow to realize the brutality of Fascism, and it was not until Hitler beat them over the head with a club that they began to awaken. The encyclicals *Mit brennender Sorge* (attacking Nazism), and *Non Abiamo Bisogno* (attacking Fascism) were evidence of official Catholic thought. Indeed such a person as Albert Einstein could say: "Only the Church stood squarely across the path of Hitler's campaign for suppressing the truth. I never had any special interest in the Church before, but now I feel a great affection and admiration because the Church alone had the courage and persistence to stand for intellectual truth and moral freedom." The vitality and success of Catholics in the undergrounds of France, Germany, Italy, and Austria, as well as the Low Countries, have been rewarded by Christian Democratic victories at the polls since 1945. Behind the Iron Curtain the Demo-Christian agrarian parties spearheaded the anti-Soviet resistance.

Many Catholics, like many "liberals," have been inconsistent in politics. Since World War II some elements of the Christian Democratic "left wing" have occasionally flirted with Communism, appeasement, and neutralism. These Catholics repeat the errors of their pro-Mussolini brethren, on a smaller scale. But the bulk of the Catholics, as citizens, support democracy and oppose aggression, be it Fascist or Soviet. The weaknesses and indiscretions of some Catholics are overshadowed by the good behavior of many others.

Catholics, as Catholics, hold to certain basic "truths" in faith and morals. Catholics, as citizens, may choose their own political paths. Most of them have chosen the inalienable-rights type of democracy as being most consonant with Christian brotherhood, equality, and free will, and they support collective security against aggression. Catholicism as a religion stands above politics, but Catholics, as citizens, are increasingly convinced that inalienable rights are best preserved in a democracy.

ACTION ON THE PARISH FRONT

A Monthly Series on Holy Name Organization

by F. A. M.

IT HAS COME to be traditional for Holy Name men each year to pause in their activities program to pay a special tribute to their parish Holy Name Spiritual Directors. The Holy Name Society is a Confraternity of the Church and as such is definitely under the jurisdiction of the Pastor or Spiritual Director of a parish. Obviously much of the inspiration and leadership comes from the Spiritual Director. Setting aside a monthly program in honor of the Spiritual Director gives Holy Name men an opportunity to do something very definite in a way of showing their appreciation to him for his many efforts in their behalf. The month of April is so set aside and referred to as Spiritual Director's Month. As we visit the Officers' Meeting of St. Bede's let's be on the lookout for ideas that might help us to properly observe Spiritual Director's Month.

Spiritual Director's Sunday

Let's be alert for the meeting at St. Bede's has already called to order by the President, Ed James. Ed is in the midst of explaining to his group of officers the fact that April is to be observed as Spiritual Director's Month and he begins to open the floor for discussion on programs and plans for the proper observance of this event. The first item of business in this discussion centered about the presentation of a suitable gift to the Spiritual Director. Many ideas were offered but all of them didn't seem quite to fit the bill. Finally Jim Murphy, the Vice President, suggested that a Spiritual Bouquet of Holy Communions be presented as an appropriate token to the Spiritual Director. After considerable discussion it was unanimously agreed to present the Spiritual Director with a Spiritual Bouquet of Holy Communions.

All the men of the parish were to be asked to join the Holy Name Society on the second Sunday in April and to offer their prayers at Holy Communion for the special intention of the Spiritual Director. Obviously since such a promotion could not be advertised through pulpit announcements, it was decided, first of all, to include this information on a specially prepared monthly Communion notice to be sent to every man of the parish. Earl Thompson, the Catholic Action Chairman, further suggested that an appropriate flyer containing all the necessary information about the program be distributed to all the men of the parish after the Masses on the first Sunday of the month. By unanimous approval Charlie Brown, the Secretary, was placed in charge of sending out the proper Communion notice through the mail and also to arrange for the printing of the flyers to be distributed on the first Sunday. Charlie also agreed to secure a committee of Holy Name men to distribute these flyers at the Church doors. Al Finnegan, the Membership Chairman suggested also a news story about the event to be sent to both the local press as well as the Catholic Diocesan Paper. He felt that everything possible should be done to make this a banner activity in the Holy Name activities program for the year.

Spiritual Bouquet Card

Don Sebastian, the Treasurer, presented a good idea relative to the means of bringing this Spiritual Bouquet of Holy Communions to the Spiritual Director. He recommended the drawing up of a very appropriate card for the occasion which would bear the number of Communions offered as well as the name of the Spiritual Director and a fitting inscription. He had done a bit of think-

ing about the program and had tentatively drawn up a suggested card which he presented to the group for approval. Without much discussion the suggested card was adopted and I secured their permission to reproduce the message of that card in these columns.

Don also had a suggestion relative to the actual presentation of the Spiritual Bouquet Card. He suggested that one of the active members other than an officer be chosen to make a brief presentation speech at the meeting and then present the card to the Spiritual Director in behalf of the Society. In this way he felt the presentation would seem more to come from the general manpower of the Society. This suggestion was likewise adopted.

At the Meeting

Considerable discussion was held relative to the meeting of the Society for the month of April. The result of this discussion provided St. Bede's with the following ideas for their meeting program. The group decided that the honored guest at the meeting would be the Spiritual Director. Over and above conducting the regular business of the organization, they were going to secure a capable outside speaker to present a very fitting message in keeping with the occasion. They would, of course, choose a member of the organization to prepare a presentation speech for the meeting and the plan was to present the Spiritual Bouquet Card at a fitting moment at the meeting. Since this special activity at the meeting would take more time than the usual meeting program, it was decided to dispense with the usual entertainment feature thus allowing plenty of time for the Spiritual Director to respond to the presentation.

Holy Name
Sunday



April
1952

A Spiritual Bouquet to our Spiritual Director

Reverend _____

THE Holy Name Men of your Parish have at their Mass on this Sunday morning, received our Lord in Holy Communion and have offered their Prayers at Holy Communion for your special intention

_____ Members received Holy Communion this Morning



We Pray

That God may bless you and preserve you in
your pastoral office for many years to come

Parish _____

_____ President

Nominating Committee

Having more or less finished the general planning of the program for Spiritual Director's Month, the next important item of business was the subject of the appointment of a Nominating Committee. According to the Constitution of the Society, the Nominating Committee, whose task it would be to select a slate of officers for the ensuing year, was to be appointed at the April meeting. Since the elections were scheduled to be conducted in May, this Nominating Committee would have a month in which to do its work. Ed James, the President, reminded his officers that the success of

the Holy Name Society at St. Bede's during the past few years was due to the fact that capable officers had been placed in charge of the organization. He felt that the present officers, therefore, had an obligation to see to it that the same type of leadership was provided for the coming year. Ed James pointed out too that since the Society usually accepts the recommendation of the Nominating Committee, it was particularly important to carefully select the members of this committee. The group then discussed appointments to this committee and a complete Nominating Committee was agreed upon. Al Finnegan, the Mem-

bership Chairman, also suggested that the group give some thought to the duties and activities of this committee and probably present them with a list of directives as to how to proceed with their work. As a result of this discussion the following information was to be presented to the Nominating Committee:

1. The Committee, first of all, was to meet and study the qualifications that the various officers require.
2. It is then to analyze its membership to determine who to the best of its knowledge possesses these qualifications.
3. The Committee was then to choose one candidate for each office as a result of the above investigation.
4. The Committee would then personally interview the candidates and secure their willingness to accept the office if elected.
5. The Chairman of the Committee was to report the findings and recommendations of his Committee to the general membership at the May meeting.
6. The Committee was also advised to use the Official Officers Handbook in order to correctly study the qualifications for office.

With these basic instructions for the Nominating Committee put down in writing and having agreed upon five men for the Nominating Committee plus, of course, the Spiritual Director, this important task was well in hand.

I noticed as I listened to the discussion of the officers that they were considering a certain type of men for this Nominating Committee. They seemed to consider only such men who were very active in the Society and who seemed to have a thorough knowledge of the workings of the organization. They also spoke frequently about the importance of officership in the Holy Name Society which led me to believe that the officers at St. Bede's realized fully that the success and future of the Society would more or less be dependent on the following year upon the decision they made relative to the Nominating Committee.

THE HERO OF BELGRADE

by Joseph Lydon

St. John Capistrano, once a statesman, became a theologian who helped save Christendom.

THE SEVENTH mission station founded by Father Junipero Serra in California was named in honor of St. John Capistrano, one of the most colorful figures in the history of the Church, who saved Christendom from Moslem domination. It is to the Capistrano Mission that the swallows come on the Feast of St. Joseph in March and leave on the Feast of St. John in October.

The great Franciscan monk, too little known outside the Mission named for him, was born in the little town of Capistrano in the kingdom of Naples on June 24, 1386. He was placed under the care of tutors upon the death of his father, after which he was sent to the University of Perugia, where he studied canon and civil law. He was a very handsome youth with very pleasing manners and was considered quite a scholar at the university.

He went into government service and was appointed a magistrate. He won one promotion after another and at the age of 26 was Governor of the province of Perugia. The times were so bad that the ingenuity of the administrative officers were severely taxed to maintain order. John of Capistran waged a vigorous campaign against crime and put an end to brigandage, oppression and tyranny in his province.

One day the Governor was approached by a gentleman of high station and great wealth who offered the official a bribe of considerable proportions to condemn a certain prisoner to

death. This person stood in the gentleman's way, and he wanted him disposed of legally. When John refused the bribe in great indignation the unsavory gentleman then threatened his life unless he acceded to his demands. The Governor gave the prisoner a fair trial and, finding him innocent, set him free. The wealthy despot decided against carrying out his threat against so stern an official.

IT WAS something of a shock to the populace when the popular, 30-year-old Governor entered the Franciscan Monastery on the Feast of St. Francis in the year 1416. While the novice master admired John of Capistran very much, he was quite suspicious of the authenticity of the politician's vocation and as a result tested it to the limit of the Capistran's endurance.

John was more fortunate in his teacher, however, the saintly Bernadine of Sienna. Both men were intensely interested in theology and became very dear friends. Bernadine was one of the greatest preachers of all times and quite frequently he took John Capistrano with him on his preaching tours.

Europe at that time was torn with schisms. There was a serious split in the Papacy. Wickliffe was preaching against Catholicism in England, while John Huss carried on an apostolate for Protestantism in Bohemia. While Europe was rending itself apart with private quarrels the menacing shades of Islamism crept ever closer.

It seemed that God had sent John Capistrano into the melee and endowed him with extraordinary powers. He worked one miracle after another and converted people by the thousands. The people hailed him as a new apostle. Entire cities and towns turned out to hear him preach. His audience often numbered forty thousand, fifty thousand and even one hundred thousand people in many places in Europe.

John preached in every part of Italy, in Germany, France, Spain, England and Ireland for more than a quarter of a century, converting thousands of heretics, schismatics and Jews.

WHEN St. Bernadine was falsely accused of teaching heresy because of his introduction of the devotion to the Holy Name of Jesus, it was John of Capistran who went to his defense and preached one of the greatest sermons ever heard. So effective was his defense of Bernadine and his personal devotion that the Pope himself and all of the cardinals were won over to the Holy Name devotion.

All of these things, however, were not accomplished without making many enemies. At times John's life was plotted against, but in every instance his enemies failed to take his life, just as they failed to silence him.

In 1450 he held a public debate at Rome with Gamaliel, the master of the Jewish synagogue, and as a result converted his opponent, together with forty of his companions. On many other occasions the Pope called upon

John to arbitrate differences between warring kings and princes.

The influence of Capistrano among the people was so great that at Breslau in Silesia his enemies laid a subtle trap to discredit him in their eyes. Four Hussites, pretending to be Catholics, brought the body of a supposedly dead young man on a bier to John of Capistran and begged him to raise their friend from the dead.

Knowing the truth, the preacher faced the four hypocrites and said, "Let his portion be with the dead forever." With that he turned and left them.

The Hussites then turning to the people said, "We can do what he was unable to do. We will raise our friend from the dead ourselves."

One of them cried out in a loud voice, "Peter, I say to thee arise." It had been arranged for the "dead" man to come forward at those words. He failed, however, to carry out his end of the plot. Growing impatient at the delay, the Hussites pulled back the covers from his face and to their horror found their accomplice was really dead. They became so frightened that they ran after the saint and begged him to receive them into the Church.

JOHAN OF CAPISTRAN was 70 years old and had been preaching for forty years or more, yet his work was not completed. The Moslems were becoming a greater threat to Europe every year. After strengthening itself for years the Ottoman Empire was ready for descent on the weak and quarreling kings of Europe.

When Constantinople fell to the Turks in 1453, the fate of Europe seemed all but decided. Christendom had never stood in such peril since the day of the Huns and the Goths. In spite of all this the civil rulers still failed to realize the perils. The Pope begged and pleaded for understanding of the plight but to no avail. The kings refused to rise up to meet the threat.

The 70-year-old Franciscan, John of

Capistran threw himself into the seemingly hopeless fray. He became a General in the Pope's Army and enrolled the common people to help him. He set up army headquarters in Hungary, where the greatest immediate danger lay. The Hungarians raised an army of their own to meet the threat and placed it under the command of John Corvinus Hunyady. He and John of Capistran joined forces. The Pope sent a Cross to both leaders and commissioned the friar to bestow such a

FORGIVENESS

To Him without need
What can I give?
To all sufficiency
There is a treasure,
For in His gift
On Calvary
He asked for me;
And of me
He asked for thee.

—F. C. PLATT

cross on all who would join the crusade. The two leaders went into the provinces enlisting students, clerks, artisans and peasants, but they were a pitiful array against the trained and skilled army of the Turks. Capistrano and Hunyady knew theirs was a hopeless venture from a military viewpoint, but they had nothing to lose in defense of Christendom except their lives.

WORD CAME on July 2, 1456, that the troops of Mohammed II were marching on Belgrade. The Turks numbered 200,000 and were equipped with the latest in artillery.

Capistrano depended on God, yet he also displayed outstanding military genius. To the clergy in the ranks he gave orders, "Hear confessions, soothe guards, tend the sick and wounded, bury the dead, preach courage and fortitude, but beware not to attack any of the Turks or to provide or fashion any arms for the troops. Your weapons

against the enemies of the Cross are prayers, Masses, works of mercy and the administration of the Sacraments."

A naval battle broke out along the Danube as a prelude to the main attack. John of Capistran stood upon the shore, his hands upraised in prayer, begging God for victory. His prayers were answered when the small mosquito fleet of the Christians defeated the majestic array of Turkish galleys.

Things did not turn out so favorably, however, in the fighting on land. The Turks gained ground steadily while Hunyady's men retreated. The General all but gave up when he was losing the fortress, but not so with Capistrano. His faith in God was unshaken. "God is able with a few men to overthrow the Turkish pagans," he persisted.

That was to be proven to everyone's satisfaction on the following day. The infidels kept advancing. Capistrano kept praying. He called upon the Crusaders to pray aloud. The smoky air rang with the cries of "Jesus help." The women who worked among the men prayed unceasingly.

SUDDENLY the Christians thought of a new strategy. They bundled twigs together, doused them with sulphur, lighted them and tossed them down from the fortress on the masses of Turks below. Fires raged everywhere among them. The destruction among the enemy was terrific. The Turks were utterly defeated. While some fierce fighting continued for another day, the victory of the Christians was decisive. John of Capistran and Hunyady were hailed all over Europe as the saviors of Christendom. Capistrano attributed the victory solely to God.

It had, however, been all too much for the aged priest. The hunger, fatigue, responsibility and strain of battle took their toll of his physical strength and three months after the battle of Belgrade John of Capistran was dead. He was canonized in the year 1724.

LABOR-MANAGEMENT JOTTINGS

"Capital cannot do without Labor: Labor cannot do without Capital"

—POPE PIUS XI

by **Charles B. Quirk, O.P.**

SOME weeks ago the official newspaper of the C.I.O. published a provocative article on the current textile doldrums in New England. Of course, it is one of the more important functions of the labor press—as it is of management journals—to make the most of a particularly bad situation, but in focusing attention upon the economic plight of mill workers in Lawrence, Massachusetts, the C.I.O. *News* is on thoroughly objective ground.

Calling attention to the fact that the huge woolen mills of the Lawrence area had been virtually closed for months, the *News* related the story of a crusade conducted by the workers four years ago aimed at convincing relatives in Italy that Communism should be rejected at the polls. At that time things were humming in the Massachusetts textile town and mill workers were enjoying the highest living standards in their history. All this made effective propaganda material and, undoubtedly, the many letters, gift packages and other concrete evidence of prosperity contributed to the victory of the Italian anti-Red political groups in that crucial election.

Since the late spring of 1951, however, the textile industry in New England has been deeply involved in one of its periodic recessions. The significant fact about the current textile slump is the mounting evidence that large segments of the New England woolen industry are preparing to follow cotton textile's migration to the South. The net effect of continuing idleness and the imminent possibility of permanent unemployment for approximately thirty thousand woolen workers has been devastating in this historical center of one of New England's major industries. The

News understandably speculates on the possible complexion of workers' sentiment today if the citizens of the Massachusetts towns were asked to support an anti-Communist campaign anywhere in the world. The point is well made and supports the general conclusion that here we have a graphic instance of managerial irresponsibility disposing workers to give Communist labor agitators at least a hearing.

Business is Business

The American enterprise system has been, is and will continue to be the one economic mechanism demonstrably capable of producing the greatest amount of goods and services for the most people. It has not yet achieved the ultimate objective of realizing the common good of all the people. In the last analysis, the one really vulnerable premise in the traditional attitude of American business has been its general acceptance of the assumption that it must continually seek areas of highest profit, regardless of who gets hurt in the process. "Business is business" seems to rationalize anything and everything. In no single instance has this mentality been so completely consistent as in the development of the New England textile industry. And perhaps nowhere has the relentless pursuit of profit been so successful—and ultimately tragic—as along the rock bound coast of the nation's oldest industrial region.

In the primary stage of the region's development colonial New Englanders wasted little time and effort on farming. Building sturdy little boats, they roamed one of the richest fishing banks in the world and eventually traded their cargoes for the gold of Southern Europe. Rear-

ing their initial fortunes on the firm foundation of the sacred cod, these venturesome Yankees built bigger and better ships and with the vessels traded New England rum for African slaves and African slaves for West Indies molasses and gold. Roaming far and wide over the Seven Seas, the clippers brought back from the Orient exotic spices and sheer silks which were exchanged for more gold.

Then when Samuel Slater built the first textile mill on the banks of the Blackstone River and made Pawtucket, R. I., the cradle of the industrial revolution in the United States, New England wealth was ready for the transition from the primary to the secondary stage of the region's economic genesis. Ample capital was available from the trade in rum, slaves and the wares of the Orient to create the New England mill village with its promise of fabulous profits in the manufacture of cotton fabrics. To those villages were attracted, first, the marginal farm families of the region and, later, the Irish and French-Canadian immigrant. For one hundred and twenty-five years, virtually surrounded by the protective barrier of high tariffs and assured of stabilized labor costs by the calculated immobilization of their labor force, those villages and the factories around which they were clustered not only augmented the already spectacular profits of their owners but also provided the major source of income for the New England economy.

As the twentieth century unfolded, however, the South, with a new awareness of the prime advantage given to it by proximity to the source of raw material, began successfully to challenge the cotton textile leadership of New

England. New mills were erected, modern machinery—much of which was purchased on credit from New England textile machine firms—was installed, and the depressed rural population was liberally tapped for residency within the mushrooming mill towns of Dixie. Apparently confident that a century of textile "know how" and the presence of a highly literate, immobilized labor force would continue them in the ascendancy, New England textile operators continued to meet the rise of the Southern mills with assurance that the *status quo* would be preserved. Operating outmoded machinery in ancient factories with docile workers—as long as substantial profits were available—they realized relatively high level production until a new generation of workers demanded that collective bargaining be submitted for the traditional unilateral contract between the cotton mill employee and the cotton mill owner.

Operation Disaster

At this juncture Yankee ingenuity seems to have gone into eclipse. The situation called for a realistic acceptance of the economic facts in the case. Union leadership and rank-and-file membership might have been asked to cooperate in meeting the competitive advantage of low Southern labor costs. Instead, New England cotton textile operators launched an all-out effort to break the unions. Failing in this and confronted with a productivity decline—basically ascribable to the cumulative effect of outdated machinery and still more ancient factory layouts—New England cotton textile operators might have leveled their plants to the ground and proceeded to rear on their foundations the kind of buildings and equipment that alone could restore the balance of textile power to the region that gave it birth. Instead, in the decade of the 1920's, the New England cotton textile industry began a trek to the South which by 1950 had taken 70% of the industry from the region and deprived its people of 150,000 jobs. Yankee venturesomeness was conspicuously absent when it was needed most.

Leaving behind empty factories and multiplying ghost towns, this migration of the cotton industry to the South is undoubtedly the most significant single cause of New England's present economic malaise. It is true that woolen textiles remained in the North, but the impact of the departure of the major portion of the cotton textile industry has had its inevitable effect. Initially favored by the surplus labor supply left in the wake of the cotton industry's flight, it managed to keep its labor costs low. But the growing insistence of union demands for participation in determining work loads and the sharply upward movement of wage rates during the last decade have made it clear that only substantially increased productivity can enable the Northern segment of the industry to meet the challenge of its rapidly expanding Southern segment. But the failure to place new machinery in new plants together with the unpredictability of the world raw woolen market places large areas of the Northern woolen industry in the marginal category, seriously contemplating removal to Dixie.

Time for Decision

Implicit in the paragraphs above are these inescapable conclusions. The miracle of modern mass-production industry began in the valleys of New England. There, the textile industry rose on the multiple foundations of plans carried out of England in the fertile mind of Samuel Slater, gold accumulated in the slave trade, and hard-headed Yankee ingenuity. The one indispensable prerequisite for successful operation of the new mills, however, was a mass of cheap labor. This the founders of the industry realized initially through employment of farm families and later by attracting thousands of immigrants to their mill villages. To continue the fantastically profitable advantage of low labor costs it was further necessary both to restrain these immigrant workers from moving out of the area during the frequent periods of unemployment and also to prevent a shift of the cheap labor force to higher paying jobs. The first objective was accomplished by paying the textile

workers such low wage rates that it was virtually impossible for them to escape their total dependence upon the mill village. The second condition was affected by discouraging the location of new industries within the area. For almost one hundred and twenty-five years generations of cheap-pay textile workers contributed to the formation of family fortunes that only in few instances were adequately re-invested in maintaining the productivity of the New England segment of the industry.

For all practical purposes the current migration of the New England woolen industry parallels that of its cotton textiles. Of course, there are certain factors complicating the woolen textile situation and over which management and ownership has had no real control. But reduced to essentials the details of the latter industry's brief for its decision to move out reproduce the arguments of the cotton industry—cheaper wages and relatively little unionization below the Mason-Dixon Line, tax exemption offers from Southern communities, modern streamlined plants, and, consequently, the continuing opportunity for substantial profits. All this, despite the revelation in mid-February that the American Woolen Company, largest of all wool manufacturers and with three-quarters of its plants in New England, doubled its net profit in 1952 and now pays \$9 on each share of its common stock.

Admittedly, this clear dereliction of social responsibility is not typical of modern American business. This fact, however, is little comfort to the idle textile workers of New England and the hard-hit communities whose economic welfare depend substantially on the wages and salaries of textile workers. Nor does it make possible Communist exploitation of the situation less spectacular.

It is too late to salvage more than a small segment of the New England textile industry. It is not too late for American business, American labor and the American public to insure that New England's tragedy will never be repeated elsewhere in these United States.

THE WHITE HOUSE

by Brian Lydon

Once again the home of our Presidents has been made strong for the centuries.

AFTER ALL the ringing of hammers, the screech of saws, the groan of trucks unloading stone, marble, bricks and lumber, things have taken shape handsomely in the White House. These many months, while the Trumans lived in Blair House there have echoed in the historic rooms busied activities of men in blue overalls, carpenters, stonemasons, plumbers and electricians, all following closely the blueprints drawn by draftsmen, planned by architects. An ugly framework obscured the home of Presidents and interiorly it was all but rebuilt. But by now rotting timbers have been replaced, walls and floors strengthened and the general health of the old mansion improved.

In spite of all the modern accoutrements of the building industry an air of antiquity hangs about the place, an air which the planners are striving to preserve. History was made within the old walls. Grim decisions were arrived at, effecting the lives of millions of citizens. The restless feet of Presidents walked up and down the carpeted floors while fateful decisions were pondered.

The destiny of a nation has been directed from the White House since 1792, or ever since 13 colonies began to grow north, south and west into 48 states. Men came to live in the house with zest and ambition. Many of them left it broken in health or spirit. The bodies of some of them were carried through its impressive portals to their last resting places.

There were gay times in the White

House too, when the children of Presidents were married, when foreign royalty was entertained, when great receptions took place and state dinners were held, followed by dancing in the house and on the lawn. Celebrities from all over the world came to the White House. Grim faced statesmen and business men came. War veterans were wheeled into the august chambers on wheels, to catch a glimpse of the headquarters of the Democracy for which they had sacrificed health and limbs. Under the White House roof too has stood many a Congressional Medal hero to receive his supreme decoration.

IT WAS George Washington who visualized the White House. Thomas Jefferson joined him in the dream of it. A Frenchman, the farseeing L'Enfant, chose the site for it in the Capital City. An Irishman, James Hoban, drew the plans for it and watched over its welfare all the days of his life.

The house was to be an expression of the country's unity, the official residence of a gentleman who would be President of the United States. That gentleman was to be unworried by divided public opinion. He would be the fountain of inspiration for the country. He and his residence would combine the genial social graces becoming the head of a nation with personification of the dignity of the State, in winning simplicity.

When the site for the Capital City was chosen everyone but George

Washington agreed that it should be called "Washington." Its namesake never called it by that name. To him it remained always "The Federal City."

Construction was a real pioneering project, with no water system, no drainage and no paving. The White House was the first public building erected in the city.

Congress offered a gold medal and a cash award of \$500 for the best architectural plans for the proposed building. Those of James Hoban were chosen. The distinguished architect from Dublin accepted the gold medal but refused the cash award. In his 42 years of subsequent work in the capital Hoban never designed another building. He built the President's Palace twice, once under the inspiration of George Washington in 1792 and the second time after British fire had levelled it almost to the ground in 1814.

AFTER Hoban's plan was approved Congress gasped at the estimated cost, \$400,000 in gold. They little realized what its remodelling would cost in the year 1951. The building would be 160 feet long, 80 feet wide and would rise three stories above the ground floor. Wouldn't that be the world's largest building, a palace of kings? A spirit of daring overtook the populace. The objections of the timid were swept aside. Congress appropriated the money. A city of shacks went up to house the workers. Black men and white men pitched into digging the

foundation, workers from many states and many countries. On Columbus Day, 1792, the cornerstone was laid with great ceremony.

The first occupants of the President's mansion were John and Abigail Adams, who moved in on November 16, 1800, although only six rooms in the great barn of a building were habitable. It was a lonely place at the time, bleakly surrounded by woods on all sides. The nearest neighbor was half a mile away.

Not was it a comfortable home. Water was carried in through an open trough from a nearby spring. Abigail made the Blue Room into a reception room and a library of the Red Room. The Green Room was used as a private dining room.

When Thomas Jefferson took command of the President's house he made additions to suit his convenience. He built an office away from the house. Between this office building and the mansion proper he constructed a series of buildings, the meat house, wine cellar, coal and wood sheds. These were balanced on the opposite side of the house by horse and carriage barns and a cowshed. The milch cows and their successors in the stables continued to produce milk for the White House until 1866. The last horse was moved from the stables by Herbert Hoover. It was Jefferson who had Pennsylvania Avenue lined with trees.

DOLLY MADISON brought light and gaiety to the White House. The Congress awarded her \$6000 to refurnish the mansion, \$458 going for a piano. There were balls, teas, parties and the dancing of cotillions on the lawn. The house was staffed with slaves. The First Lady's gowns came from Paris.

August 24, 1814, saw the British marching on Washington. Dolly fled, taking with her all one cart could hold. Unmannerly Redcoats ate and drank all that was eatable in the house and then set fire to it. Mahogany and damask went up in flames. All that re-

mained were naked walls, cracked and blackened.

James Hoban took out his blueprints. Congress appropriated funds and once again the President of the United States had a mansion to call home. It was given a beautiful coat of gleaming white paint and people began to refer to it as the "White House."

The new East Room was something to talk about. It could hold 1000 people comfortably. There was a grand staircase and crystal chandeliers that took \$100 worth of wax tapers to keep them lighted for one evening. Andrew Jackson installed a water system after he moved in.

SOME OF the Presidents were widowers, some of whom remarried while in the White House. Others had wives who were sociable while others were retiring. Mrs. Polk banned all card playing, dancing, refreshments and music. Mrs. Taylor lived in the upstairs rooms with only her sewing and her pipes for company. Mrs. Fillmore failed to find a book in the house and asked Congress for money for a library.

There was great gaiety and much entertaining in the White House during the term of James Buchanan. The Lincolns took it up until death claimed their boy William. The White House was stunned into sorrow while the nation bled itself white in a civil war. A sudden shot and the President lay dead in the East Room. Lincoln was one of six Presidents to be buried from the Mansion, numbering also Presidents Harrison, Taylor, Garfield, Harding and Roosevelt.

In 1865 the White House was remodelled by President Johnson at a cost of \$160,000. Of this sum \$27,000 went for an iron railing to fence in the lawn, entered only through six huge gates. Bath tubs and a telephone were installed during the residency of Rutherford B. Hayes. President Arthur refused to take up residence until workmen cleaned out the attic. It took 24 wagons to haul away the treasure

trove of relics. A rummage sale was held of these White House effects, bringing in \$5000 in proceeds. Among the relics was Nellie Grant's bird cage.

ANOTHER major remodeling job was done during the occupancy of Theodore Roosevelt, costing \$540,641. All the workmen left of the original house were the walls and two marble mantel pieces. The White House began to gain an international reputation when President Wilson waged his losing fight for the League of Nations.

In 1933 radio was brought into Lincoln's old Cabinet Room and via the modern miracle President Franklin Roosevelt inaugurated his famous fire-side chats to the nation. Mailmen began to stagger up the stone steps of the White House hauling sacks of mail from the people to their President. From the White House a second World War was directed and once again a President left the mansion to go to far corners of the world for conferences with the leaders of other nations. Modern America saw the funeral of a President from the White House as it experienced the uncommon drama of accepting the Vice-President as the Chief. It fell to Harry Truman to pace the White House floors while deciding whether or not to use the atomic bomb which American scientists had created. As always, fateful decisions had to be made in the White House.

Building inspectors, a few years ago, informed the President and the Congress that the historic old mansion was dangerous to its occupants. Because it was in a state of imminent collapse another remodelling job began on the White House. The President and his family moved to Blair House. Now the Mansion of Presidents emerges from the ugly framework under a new coat of gleaming white paint and is about to welcome the Chief of the land back into its hallowed walls. May it go on from there in peace, serving the nation, housing the next President and the next.

the current scene

frank j. ford

Cause of Corruption

The appalling lack of honesty in public life is directly traceable to false principles in the training of youth, insists Bishop Matthew F. Brady of Manchester, N. H. "Any unbiased observer," says he, "cannot but realize that moral stamina is sadly lacking today about us, but what else can we expect from a purely secularistic, materialistic training of youth? The whole individual—not only the physical and intellectual life but the spiritual and moral character as well—must be developed through education.

"Establishment of parochial or diocesan schools does not mean that we are condemnatory of the public school system. We merely seek to improve upon it because we do not believe it provides a complete education. It does not develop all the powers and faculties of the individual. We believe it is inadequate and hence we must provide our own schools within the framework of the education system of the country. Religion was an integral part of the educational system from the founding days of this country, and Catholic education merely is continuing the tradition of the importance of religious values which was separated from American education in the latter part of the 19th century."

Words to Remember

Atheists and others who attempt to ridicule the belief that this country was founded in a deeply religious tradition, gain small aid for their arguments from the words of George Washington, who, in his first inaugural address, had this to say: "It would be peculiarly improper to omit in this first official act my present supplication to the Almighty Being who rules over the universe, who presides in the council of nations, and whose provi-

dential aids can supply every human defect, that His benediction may consecrate to the liberties and happiness of the people of the United States a government instituted by themselves for these essential purposes, and may enable every instrument employed in its administration to execute with success the functions allotted to his charge.

"In tendering this homage to the great Author of every public and private good, I assure myself that it expresses your (Congress') sentiments no less than my own. . . . No people can be bound to acknowledge and adore the Invisible Hand which conducts the affairs of men more than those of the United States. Every step by which they have advanced to the character of an independent nation seems to be distinguished by some token of providential agency. And in the important Revolution just accomplished, in the system of their united government, the tranquil deliberation and voluntary consent of so many distinct communities from which the event has resulted cannot be compared with the means by which most governments have been established, without some return of pious gratitude, along with humble anticipation of the future blessings which the past presages. These reflections, arising out of the present crisis, have forced themselves too strongly on my mind to be suppressed."

Caste System in U. S.

"One of the falsest suppositions in American society," declares columnist Sydney Harris, "is that we have eliminated an aristocracy and abolished the caste system that seems both shameful and ludicrous to us in European countries.

"Actually, we have done nothing of

the kind. What we have done, in essence, is to replace a traditional and hereditary aristocracy with a cheap and shifting peerage of our own. This peerage is not to be found in the august pages of Burke's or the Almanach de Gotha, but in the mailing lists of the Stork Club and '21.' Its passport to special privilege is not birth, breeding or public service, but a comparatively new title called 'Celebrity.' A less generous, but more accurate description would be 'Notoriety.'

"This obnoxious and degrading trend has been accelerated throughout the country by the mass efforts of movies, radio and gossip columnists; and its most putrescent flowering may be seen in New York, where the public is rigidly divided into two classes: the Known and the Recognizers. The Known get the best tables, the first taxicabs and the finest seats at the theater. The Recognizers provide the adulatory background. They gape, they stand patiently waiting for a glimpse of the Known, and they are more content to be shoved aside in favor of the mighty than any self-respecting European peasant.

"The old aristocracy at least was often imbued with a deep sense of public responsibility, as well as an instinctive knowledge of good form. The new aristocracy is brash, blatant and vulgar, devoid of any civic instincts except the most meretricious desire for even greater recognition by the populace.

"No civilized nation can long survive," dourly predicts Harris, "when its models are those who have achieved success by self-assertiveness without self-discipline. Some of these Celebrities are talented and worthy citizens; but many more are opportunists, buffoons, swindlers, and psychotics with nothing but a passion for publicity. To treat them as

important personages is to provide our children with a distorted reflection of the future."

Erin Go Bragh

"On the 17th of March," notes the Brooklyn *Tablet*, "half the world will remember its Irish heritage and the other half wistfully wish it might. And all the world will pay tribute to the daring Saint of God who lighted a fire close by Tara's hill that neither 700 years of persecution nor sudden peace and prosperity in a world at war could extinguish! Today the fire of faith kindled by Patrick burns the more brightly amid the encircling darkness of atheism and materialism that creeps over the face of Europe. The Emerald Green of Erin's Isle, drenched for so many centuries in the blood of heroes and martyrs who died for the faith of Patrick, sends its gleaming rays of hope to other persecuted people groaning amid the blackened ruins of war, under the yoke of tyranny.

"Ireland's message to the world on the Seventeenth of March is a message of Faith and Hope and Courage! St. Patrick brought Christ to the Irish and they have never been false to Christ, nor to St. Patrick. Indeed they have lived for century on century in the daily practice of Christ's admonition 'If anyone will come after Me, let him deny himself daily, take up his cross and follow Me.' Ireland has been poor and it has been persecuted and it has carried a heavy cross after Christ and in the footsteps of St. Patrick. But it has cherished the undying spirit of Faith and Freedom that has been a benediction upon every part of the world wherein her hunted, exiled sons and daughters found refuge. May this precious jewel, set among the nations of the world like the stone in the ring of St. Patrick, long continue to shed its emerald rays in benediction over the peoples of the world, calling them to 'Seek first the Kingdom of God and His Justice, and all these things shall be added unto you!'"

A Boost for the Ladies

Maurice Landers of Sparrow Flight,

Arkansas, who frankly confesses to no knowledge whatever "of the whys and whats of feminine behavior," is still willing to give the girls their due. "Men," pronounces Maurice, "can criticize women all they want, but I know three things in their favor.

"First, a woman never wastes \$2 worth of shotgun shells in order to pick off a 25-cent rabbit.

"Second, you never heard of one going into a restaurant, ordering coffee and doughnuts, and tipping the waitress 25 cents because she smiled at her.

"Third, I have yet to meet a woman who will use 20 gallons of gas and pay \$5 for boat hire to get to a place where the fish are not.

This New Freedom

Commenting on the fuss and furor caused by the insistence of a California schoolgirl that she might come to class in curlers, the *Catholic Transcript* of Hartford, Conn., observes: "We have noted with interest the valiant fight for freedom being waged by a Californian in behalf of his 15-year-old daughter. It has been the child's pleasant custom to come to school wearing her hair in curlers. The school authorities objected to this practice, on the grounds that wearing one's hair in curlers constitutes a state of undress. But the child ignored the protests, because she wanted 'to look pretty in the evening.' How she spends her evenings, we do not know; but evidently for this teen-ager the daylight hours and their pursuits are but a prelude for the time after dusk at which it is requisite, in her judgment, 'to look pretty.' And in this view she is supported by her father.

"Principle is at stake, the father declares. The child must be permitted to have her hair in curlers during school sessions, else her freedom is unjustly and cruelly curtailed. And, of course, everyone knows that it is the right of every American citizen to do precisely as he pleases, any place, any time. Clearly, the school authorities, in trying to force the child to come to school with her hair combed out, are acting in contravention of American principle and in

according with the fascist pattern. Nor is the father content with merely stating principle; he is ready to endure serious trouble for its sake. He has kept the child out of school, refused to heed court orders directing him to return the child to school, and now faces a possible jail sentence because of the child's continued absence.

"Here, obviously, is a martyr, and it is to be hoped that parents up and down the country will rally to his cause and duplicate his stand if need be. A child's whim is sacrosanct and must be safeguarded if this nation is not to perish. It is simply preposterous that schools have anything to say about a child's dress (or undress), manners, and conduct generally. If a child elects to come to school dirty, half-clad, he or she must by all means be allowed to do so. For the school to interfere with such inviolable freedom under the pretext that the school has its rights and its duties in the matter of inculcating civilized deportment, is hypocritical nonsense, as well as an insufferable trespass on the freedom guaranteed one and all by our Constitution.

"The father of the fifteen-year-old who has to 'look pretty in the evening,' is to be commended for carrying a step further the noble tendency in this country to make eccentric impulse the meaning and measure of freedom," says the *Transcript*. "And the day will yet come, and probably not too long from now, when the inherent right to perpetrate every sort of nuisance, as well as to steal, corrupt, and murder at will, will at last be seen as the pith and the fulness of freedom."

Timely Suggestion

"The football bowl games will soon be upon us again," observed Bartley Bowler of Chicago, Illinois, some time ago, "and before the reformers get around to abolishing them entirely we might as well have a last fling. This year, how about a couple of added starters? Such as the 'Gravy Bowl' game, played in our own City Hall, and the acme of them all, the 'Mink Bowl' in good old Washington, D. C."

SIDELINES

with Dick Stedler

SPRING TRAINING, a rigorous routine which hundreds of ballplayers are going through these days in preparation for the pennant races, isn't necessarily an "all work-and-no-play" assignment. There are occasions during the daily diamond drills when the lads have their moments of levity to lighten the task.

When the sun hits its peak and there isn't a stir of air and there's relief in the shadows of the trees that rim the outfield or the sidelines, the boys like to sit back and recall incidents of other spring training trips. And usually they tell some pretty tall tales, stories, which generally revolve around rookies.

Back in the days when John McGraw managed the Giants, he once told a rookie to "go up there and hit one into the stand."

The big fellow went to the bat rack, picked up a couple of sturdy maces, swung them briskly a few times and then shouted to McGraw as he approached the plate, "Which Seat?"

Of all spring training stories, however, perhaps the most amusing concerns the irrepressible Charley Grimm who, on this particular trip, was quartered in a hotel where Paderewski, the noted pianist had the room above him. Grimm, as almost any ardent baseball fan knows, was a musician in his own right, the banjo being Jolly Cholly's favorite instrument.

Eventually Grimm's playing became too noisy and Paderewski sent a bell boy to Charley's room to ask him for a little quiet.

Grimm, naturally, like a tried and true musician, was somewhat riled by the request. But he remained composed enough to assure the youngster that he would extend every courtesy to the great

musician. And then, as the bellhop left, Charley added:

"I, too, am a great artist. So will you request Mr. Paderewski to play the piano more quietly?"

How Long Spring Training?

On the more serious side of spring training, the question is often asked, "How long should spring training last?"

Joe McCarthy, manager of the New York Yankees for many years and plenty of pennants, now has lots of time to give thought and views on such a query. Enjoying the life of a gentleman farmer on his rustic acreage in East Amherst, New York, he remains a keen observer of the passing parade. So his opinions on spring training are well worth considering.

"Six weeks should be enough," he says, "but it varies. Age makes a big difference. The older players sometimes have to take it much easier and work into condition slowly.

"There was another type of veteran player who kept in shape throughout the winter. He was ready in less than a month. And other players, despite the fact that they might be ready in two weeks, like to time themselves.

"A ball club can train too long," Joe explains. "If a major league club plays a Class B club for a few weeks, the major club would start playing Class B ball. Competition has a lot to do with a team reaching its peak.

"A squad can't stay too long in one place. I've seen players go so stale in Florida they couldn't buy a base hit; yet they regained their batting eyes a few days after they reached the North. After a training siege in Florida a team usually perks up when it reaches the North. Change of food and environment

has something to do with it, but mostly it is because the players get stronger.

"Spring training is fine," Joe adds, "but it can be overdone. Shucks, the year we won the pennant here in Buffalo (1915) we trained that spring in the YMCA in Brockton, Mass. And seldom got outdoors. But we were young then. . . . The older you get the more you appreciate Florida, Arizona, California and any of the other places where the climate is warm and sunny in March and April."

Another Gashouse Gang?

Will the St. Louis Cardinals become another Gashouse Gang? And will Eddie Stanky, their new manager, be able to instill the same "holler guy" spirit into them that has marked his own diamond career?

These are the questions diamond devotees are asking themselves these days. Indeed the city of St. Louis, with Stanky leading the Cards and Rogers Hornsby in his first year at the helm of the Browns, will doubtless be the center attraction this season. Fans, to be sure, will be keeping an eye on the Yanks, Dodgers, Indians, Giants and the other clubs in both leagues. But you can be sure that the other eye also will be on the Browns and Cards.

Stanky, who has been known as baseball's Dr. Jekyll-Mr. Hyde for years, faces the biggest challenge of an uphill career which saw him spend nine years climbing up the minor league ladder before joining the Cubs at the end of the 1942 season.

Following two years of utility service with the Cubs, he was traded to Brooklyn and eventually traded to Boston in the spring of 1947.

Highpoints in his playing career took

place in 1945, when he broke the all-time record for bases on balls with 148. He also led the National League second basemen in putouts in 1945-46 and established a loop mark for fielding at second base in 1947 with an average of .985. It is needless to add that he was quite an inspirational force in helping Brooklyn (1947), Boston (1948) and the Giants (1951) win the National League pennants.

As a player, Eddie has been described as a fellow who can't hit or run or throw, yet he has been the sparkplug of most every major league club on which he has played. He is by no means a power hitter, but add the consideration that he has an uncanny knack for getting bases-on-balls, all of them strictly unintentional, and his worth at the plate is clarified.

He can't throw, but he's recognized as one of the game's most adroit pivotmen. He can't run, but he runs when he has to, yet doesn't overdo it. In reality, he's a ballplayer's ballplayer. It remains to be seen if he can be a ballplayer's manager!

Born in Philadelphia, Stanky is a graduate of Ascension Parochial School and Northeast Catholic High School. He is an exemplary member of the Holy Name Society and makes it his business to kneel at the altar rail on Holy Name Communion Sundays even when his team is on the road. He also is a Third Degree Knights of Columbus member. His hobbies are horseback riding, dogs and attending boxing shows.

Of all the years, he best remembers 1941, when he met the girl whom he married the following year. At the time, he was playing shortstop for the Macon Club of the South Atlantic League. One day he visited the Macon Club's business office to pick up mail for the players. There he met Dixie Stock, daughter of Milton Stock, then manager of the Macon Club. Romance, courtship and marriage followed in normal fashion. Pride of the Stanky family is Georgia Ann, eight-year-old daughter.

Doubtless a happy family life has helped greatly in Eddie's successful performances in the majors. He's nick-

named "The Brat." Somehow, you cannot help but think that baseball could use more "brats" like him. Here's wishing him all the success in the world in his new rôle as Cardinal manager.

About Official Scorers

How many baseball fans really know how the official scorers in the major leagues are selected? It begins with the chairman of the Baseball Writers' Association in each major league city drawing up a list of men who regularly cover the game in each park. The list, in turn, is sent to the respective league president for approval.

The 77 home games are divided into three sections and the designated three top writers act as official scorers for their respective sections. The rotation system is used, so that at the end of the year the current three top writers go to the bottom of the list while the next top three become official scorers for the next season. When a newcomer joins the list, he goes to the bottom of the "ladder" and has to wait two or three years for his turn.

Not so many years ago, four men in each park, each season, were the official scorers and divided \$1,000. Now the ante is \$1,500, netting each scorer \$500.

A recodification for the rules in 1950 made an official scorer an actual official of the game he is scoring and an accredited representative of the league, thereby protecting him from indignities expressed by players or officials.

Following each game, the official scorer fills out a ledger-like report and sends it to the league office, where it serves as an official report of that game. Those official averages you read on the sport pages also are compiled from the reports.

Rookies to Remember

Gil McDougald, New York Yankee infielder, and Willie Mays, hard-hitting outfielder of New York Giants, won Rookie-of-the-Year honors in the majors last year. Who'll win the laurels in '52?

The pre-season lineup includes first baseman George Crowe, third sacker Eddie Matthews and pitchers Ernie Johnson and George Conley, all

with the Boston Braves.

Brooklyn's contributions are George Shuba, pitchers Bob Alexander and Chris Van Cuyk, and shortstop Jim Pendleton. The Chicago Cubs have Bill Hardin, a shortstop, while Cincinnati will chime in with outfielder Wally Post. Catcher Ray Katt and Toookie Gilbert at first base are the Giants top candidates. Philadelphia surprise packages may be outfielders Mel Clark and Dick Young. Outfielder Brandy Davis and Johnny Merson, second base, are Pittsburgh's hopes, while the St. Louis Cardinal are optimistic over Steve Bilko, Vernon Benson and pitchers Jackie Col-um and Vinegar Bend Mizell.

Over in the American loop, the Bosox are high on infielders Al Richter and Hal Bevan, and outfielder Jim Piersall. Paul Richards may have "sleepers" for his Chicago White Sox in infielders Hector Rodriguez and Bob Boyd and pitcher George Wilson.

At Cleveland, shortstop Harry Malm-bery and pitchers Sad Sam Jones and Bob Kerrigan may ring the bell. Infielders Al Federoff and Bob Mavis and Fly-hawk Russ Sullivan are given better than an even chance to make the grade.

The Yankees have several prospective DiMaggios in outfielders Bob Cerv and Archie Wilson, as well as infielders Jim Breitweiser and Jerry Snyder, and pitcher Ernie Nevel. Tex Houle and John Kume are Philadelphia's two mound hopes, and outfielder Kite Thomas also shows promise.

Jim Rivera, George Schmees and Bob Nieman, all outfielders, and Clint Courtney, a bespectacled catcher, are the St. Louis Browns' brightest candidates.

Leroy Dietzel, second baseman, out-fielder Dan Porter and southaw hurler Glenn Elliot are Washington's possibilities.

Keep these names in mind. We see indications that Sam Jones of Cleveland and Jim Rivera, St. Louis outfielder, in the American League, and George Crowe, Boston first baseman, and Wilmer Mizell, St. Louis pitcher, in the National Loop are the strongest pre-season candidates for winning the rookie-of-the-year awards.

Groups of Wrath

by Maurice J. Ronayne

AFTER ONE WEEK of wearing bifocals I find it's getting harder and harder for me to go on loving my neighbor, and already I've changed my mind twice about inviting him over some afternoon to watch me tame a chipmunk. Hearing my family and friends laughingly refer to my petulant floundering around as my gropes of wrath hasn't helped matters either. Perhaps I should have left well enough alone.

With my old specs I wasn't rolling half-way to work on milk-bottles that have no business on the front porch anyway. And if I couldn't always tell who it was up there waving at me from the top of a coal-hoist, I could always wonder. I wasn't tipping my hat to mail-boxes and losing precious time at street-crossings, waiting for parked cars to come ahead. While in a bad enough way perhaps, at least I could see past my nose, and beyond that, for the most part, nothing mattered after one smell.

Some people can slip on a pair of bifocals and go on about their business as though nothing remarkable had happened. These people lead charmed lives. Any one of them is the kind of hard-bitten mortal who can fall out of a helicopter, pick himself up, and walk off shaking his wrist-watch to see if it's still ticking. It's the less fortunate double-visionaries like myself who first startle, then amuse their friends by sauntering dreamily into open man-holes or by buttering peoples' elbows at lawn-parties.

Dutifully, I have tried this past week to carry out my doctor's orders by wearing my bifocals *come what may*, though right now I'd be much happier carrying out my doctor. Everything had been fine, till he talked me into looking at the world through the bottom of an old glue-bottle. Little wonder that I have

stopped loving the dear silver that shines in his teeth.

ONLY THIS MORNING, partly from sentiment, partly from a desire to find out what's been going on in my little world all this time, I laid these blank blank bomb-sights on the edge of the bureau, hoping maybe they would get themselves brushed off and walked over by the entire household before turning up missing. Then I put on my old reliables. The result was amazing. Either I still can see better with the old range-finders or things are looking brighter all of a sudden. Anyway it was like blinking up at noonday sun after squinting into galoshes looking for leaks.

But bifocals! — for general visibility the wearer peers through the top, and larger, section of the lenses. By the simple process of lowering his gaze he uses the smaller and stronger insert at the bottom for close work, such as reading, or sewing, or looking for the dime that rolled under the pipe-organ. The sole and abiding purpose of bifocals, therefore, is to do away with the need for carrying two pairs of glasses. This failing is common to middle-aged folk, who are never without one pair of glasses for painting the fire escape, and another for snoring gently over "Mulcahey's Glossary of Botanical Nomenclature."

As to when and in what manner bifocals first were visited upon an already long-suffering humanity, that remains a matter of sizzling disagreement to the present day. Fact and legend never have seemed so happily at variance. The Encyclopedia Titanict allows with ill grace that bifocals were invented by Benjamin Franklin, among other things, when he got around to them. However, coming as they did in an era when Benjamin Franklin already had invented or dis-

covered everything but a device for shortening the distance between pay-days, history's conclusion that he invented bifocals seems to us altogether too pat, too conveniently inevitable. For another, Benjamin Franklin seems to have been a genial codger, and an genial codger never could have dreamed up anything like bifocals. These can only have been the product of a tortured mind, the mind of one who, given five hundred years to practice in, might in time have learned to love his fellow-man, but never for very long at a stretch, and only from a great distance.

NOW TO THE other side of the argument. Legend has it that along about the time Benjamin Franklin was proving to the world that lightning never strikes twice in the same place because after the first clap it doesn't have to, an obscure optometrist with obscure vision was grinding and fitting lenses in an obscure Pennsylvania village, and doubtless with a jaundiced eye to the appropriate, was concluding all his correspondence with "Obscurely yours."

In those days optometry meant little more to the average fellow than just another one of those words that bend in the middle. But for the good Dr. Malcolm Cumquot it meant bread and butter and many a bicycle jaunt about the countryside. Dr. Cumquot loved snapdragons and whip-poor-wills and for that matter had nothing against any living creature that kept its feet out of his hominy grits. Except humans.

One day while grinding a batch of lenses for the trade and shaking his head over some very bad news from the race-track, the good doctor in his distracted state finished off the lenses too small for the measurements specified. Dr. Cumquot was aghast at first, and with runners on third and second, so to speak. But doubtless reasoning that his customers wouldn't see the difference in any case, he fitted a segment from his own lenses into each of the misfits and so made up the difference. As a result the world knows what the other half is doing.

ST. JOHN—The Evangelist of the Holy Name

(Continued from page 7.)

choirs of angels. Grace is, real life, throbbing, dynamic, supernatural life which flows to us from the Eternal Father through the Son Incarnate by the merits of the Passion, via the channels of the Sacraments. Christ ceaselessly manifested His union with the Eternal Father and constantly reiterated that He came to adopt us as brothers in a new, superior spiritual relationship by sharing with us His own grace-life. God is Being, Wisdom and Charity. Christ is the Life of God Incarnate, the Truth of God Incarnate, the Love of God Incarnate. He came to communicate to us Divine life, truth and love by incorporating us as members of His new race, the redeemed, the society of the Christified, the Mystical Body of Christ. These are the transcendent verities which absorbed all the genius of St. John and it is in relation to these that he shows the power and glory of the Holy Name in the economy of the Messias.

IN THE FAMOUS Prologue to his Gospel, with which all Catholics are familiar, St. John summarizes his essential doctrines in a few terse recapitulative sentences: "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God . . . all things were made by Him, and without Him was made nothing that was made. In Him was life and the life was the light of men. . . . It was the true light that enlightens every man who comes into the world. He was in the world, and the world was made by Him, and the world knew Him not."

Such, in epitome, is St. John's inspired delineation of the Son of God and His entrance into the world. "He came unto His own and His own received Him not," St. John says. But thereupon, he distinguished the mark which characterizes those who did receive Him and were rewarded with the endowment of supernatural life: "But to as many as received Him, He gave the

power of becoming Sons of God, *to those who believe in His Name.*" Those who believe in the Holy Name are reborn not by any carnal process, nor, by any mere voluntary act, for they are those "who were born not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God." They are literally the children of God's Will, of God's Infinite Charity. It is surely significant that in his very introductory disquisition St. John should have identified the elect as "those who believe in His Name." It is more remarkable that the Apostle

emphasizes this identification in all his writings up to the end of the Apocalypse! Later, for example, St. John stresses: "God did not send His Son into the world in order to judge the world, but that the world may be saved through Him. He who believes in Him is not judged; but he who does not believe is already judged, *because he does not believe in the Name of the Only Begotten Son of God*" (III, 18, 19). Salvation is through faith in Christ and the really faithful are devoted to the Holy Name of the Son of God!

EDITORS NOTE: The second part of "St. John, the Evangelist of The Holy Name" will appear in next month's HOLY NAME JOURNAL.

THE PRESIDENT OF EIRE

(Continued from page 12.)

into office Mr. John Costello, the Prime Minister who took the place held by Eamon De Valera for 16 years. (Last June, De Valera was renamed Prime Minister by vote of the Dail.) It was O'Kelly's own brother-in-law and long time political enemy, Richard Mulcahey, who had proposed Mr. Costello as coalition candidate after all Ireland's political parties had ganged up together to defeat De Valera.

While the Prime Minister governs Ireland for the most part, there are certain powers, duties, and functions reserved to the President. He is elected by direct vote for a seven year term and can seek reelection only once. He is head of the State, not unlike the French Presidents of the Third Republic. Most of his functions are formal except in a time of crisis. He has a Council of State for his advisors, made up of seven members of his own choosing, who need not be approved by no other person or body. Members of the Council need not even be Irish citizens.

The President may, and in some cases must, consult with his Council of State when he refuses to sign the draft of a

bill passed by the Dail. In other words, he has the powers of the veto and the power to refer bills directly to the Supreme Court. If necessary, in some cases he can order a referendum to be taken before fundamental changes are introduced.

In cases of emergency when the Prime Minister might ask for a speed up in deliberations of the two chambers the President may intervene. His rôle is to guard the interests of the ordinary citizen always. He can undo what an Executive might like to see rushed through. In other words, he serves as an effective check on the Prime Minister and the legislative chambers on behalf of the people.

One of the greatest pleasures which President O'Kelly enjoyed in office was to sign the Repeal of the External Relations Act, which broke the last remaining tie that bound Eire to England. On December 21, 1949, Eire became free in reality as well as in name. It was a day for which Irishmen dreamed of for centuries, a dream for which thousands of young lads had offered their lives.